

# THE LONDON MAGAZINE:



Or, GENTLEMAN's Monthly Intelligencer.

For JANUARY, 1774.

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With the following Embellishments,

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| 1   |             |              |                  |                |                |                  |                    |                  |                 |                         |            |                      |              |               |               | E          | Frost         |
| 2   | Sunday      |              |                  |                |                |                  |                    |                  |                 |                         |            |                      |              |               |               | NW         | Foggy         |
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| 4   | 140         | 141          |                  |                |                |                  | 87                 |                  |                 |                         |            |                      |              | 1             |               | NW         | Fair          |
| 5   | 140         | 140          | 94               | 84             |                |                  | 87                 |                  | 84              |                         | 88         | 25                   | 9            | 2             |               | SW         | Fair          |
| 6   | 140         | 140          |                  |                |                |                  | 87                 |                  |                 |                         | 88         | 25                   | 11           | 2             |               | NE         | Fair          |
| 7   | 140         | 140          |                  |                |                |                  | 87                 |                  | 84              |                         | 88         |                      | 12           | 2             |               | SW         | Rain          |
| 8   | Sunday      |              |                  |                |                |                  |                    |                  |                 |                         |            |                      |              |               |               | SW         | Rain          |
| 9   | 140         | 139          | 94               | 85             |                |                  | 87                 |                  |                 | 79                      | 88         | 25                   | 12           | 2             |               | WSW        | Frost         |
| 10  | 140         | 139          |                  |                |                |                  | 87                 |                  |                 |                         | 88         | 25                   | 17           | 2             |               | SW         | Frost         |
| 11  | 140         | 140          |                  | 85             |                |                  | 87                 |                  |                 |                         | 88         |                      |              |               |               | NE         | Rain          |
| 12  | 140         | 140          |                  |                |                |                  | 87                 |                  |                 | 79                      | 88         |                      | 14           | 2             |               | W          | Rain          |
| 13  | 140         | 140          |                  | 85             |                |                  | 87                 |                  | 84              |                         | 88         | 25                   | 15           | 1             |               | SE         | Snow          |
| 14  | 140         | 140          |                  |                |                |                  | 87                 |                  |                 |                         | 88         |                      | 16           | 2             |               | SW         | Fair          |
| 15  | Sunday      |              |                  |                |                |                  |                    |                  |                 |                         |            |                      |              |               |               | SW         | Fair          |
| 16  | 140         | 140          | 94               | 85             |                |                  | 87                 |                  |                 | 79                      | 88         | 25                   | 17           | 2             |               | SE         | Fair          |
| 17  | 140         | 140          | 94               | 85             |                |                  | 87                 |                  |                 |                         | 88         | 90                   | 18           | 2             |               | NW         | Rain          |
| 18  | 140         | 141          |                  |                |                |                  | 87                 |                  |                 | 79                      | 88         |                      | 17           | 2             |               | NE         | Rain          |
| 19  | 140         | 140          |                  |                |                | 86               | 87                 |                  | 84              |                         | 88         |                      | 19           | 1             |               | SE         | Rain          |
| 20  | 141         | 140          |                  | 85             |                |                  | 87                 |                  |                 | 80                      | 89         |                      | 17           | 1             |               | SW         | Rain          |
| 21  | 140         | 140          | 94               |                |                |                  | 87                 |                  | 85              |                         | 89         |                      | 16           | 1             |               | SW         | Fair          |
| 22  | Sunday      |              |                  |                |                |                  |                    |                  |                 |                         |            |                      |              |               |               | S          | Fair          |
| 23  | 140         | 140          |                  | 85             |                |                  | 87                 |                  |                 | 83                      |            | 25                   | 17           | 2             |               | SW         | Fair          |
| 24  | 140         | 141          |                  |                |                |                  | 87                 |                  |                 |                         |            |                      | 18           |               |               |            | Fair          |
| 25  | 140         |              |                  |                |                |                  | 87                 |                  |                 |                         |            |                      |              |               |               |            | Fair          |
| 26  |             |              |                  |                |                |                  | 87                 |                  |                 |                         |            |                      |              |               |               |            | Fair          |
| 27  |             |              |                  |                |                |                  |                    |                  |                 |                         |            |                      |              |               |               |            | Fair          |

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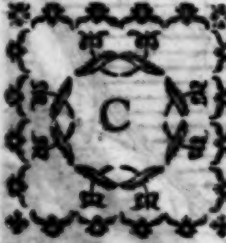


THE  
LONDON MAGAZINE,  
FOR JANUARY, 1774.

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For the LONDON MAGAZINE.  
COURT BEAUTIES.  
NUMBER I.

*(Embellished with a curious ENGRAVING.)*

ONNOISSEURS, who have commented on beauty with that judgment and accuracy which are dictated by taste, have acknowledged England to be the spot in which it rises to the greatest perfection. These united testimonies are still rendered more respectable by those of another class of men, viz. such mortals as are guided solely by their feelings, and are entirely passive to the operations of nature wherever she acts most powerfully. Thousands of foreigners, who were incapable of judging of the nice and critical proportions of beauty, have yet felt themselves irresistibly attached to it in England, when other countries have failed to give them one

pang. Count B——i, so elegant in letters and so polite in manners, said last winter, while he resided here, that he saw inanimate beauty in Italy, but that he never saw living beauty till he came to England. In short, the point is established, and requires not to be supported.

Led by this idea, we consider it as an agreeable amusement to our readers to lay before them good engravings of those faces which throw unrivalled lustre round the drawing room of the British court. We propose to give a series of these engravings, and to conclude it whenever we shall find it necessary to our own convenience. Though not very strictly connected with the court at present, we have chosen, induced by her beauty and exalted rank,

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

In beauty's ranks 'twas Glo'ster's part to please.  
A form so witching blending grace with ease:  
The pow'rs of love beheld the croud of charms,  
And judg'd her worthy e'en of royal arms.



# THE BRITISH THEATRE.

## COVENT-GARDEN.

**D**URING the course of January, this theatre seems to have recovered itself from that state of anarchy and confusion, in which it was lately involved. The flame of resentment, when once kindled in the bosoms of a British audience, is not easily or hastily extinguished, and we are sorry that nothing less could appease it than the total expulsion of a valuable branch of the dramatic community. But we will not dwell on a topic that had perhaps better be forgotten.

On Monday, the third instant, was presented at this theatre, a new pantomime, called *The Sylphs*. This piece, like all other pantomimes, is absurd and improbable, and in this is equal with the worst of them. The music, however, does credit to its composer, Mr. Fisher; the overture is pleasing, and several of the airs are agreeable and sprightly. The scenery in general is not much to be applauded; though one scene, representing a view of the armoury in the Tower, where the guns, pistols, and swords, are formed into stars of the different orders of knighthood, has a very good effect, and does credit to the painter; but the grandest of all concludes the pantomime, which represents the inside of the palace of the king of the *Sylphs*, and is a most masterly performance. This last is one of those splendid paintings, which the great Servandoni prepared some years since, but not used. This pantomime was at first received with great applause, nor does it seem to have lost any credit with the public after repeated representations. We shall add, to this short account, two of the most favourite airs.

### A I R I.

*Sung by Colombine, at the Harpsichord.*

Come, fancy, help me paint the scene  
That gave my rapture birth !  
I dream'd of Sylphs, of Harlequin,  
Activity, and mirth.

The sweet delusion swiftly flew ;  
I fear 'twas all a dream !  
And yet I thought I saw and knew  
All happiness with him.

Come, Fancy, realize the scene ;  
Ye Sylphs, around me skim :  
Bring your fav'rite Harlequin,  
Bring happiness and him.

### A I R II.

Attend, and mark,  
The gallant spark,  
Who cheats in love and trade,  
The mistress courts,  
And nightly sports,  
And wantons with the maid.

O shame, to see  
Such treachery  
Lodged in a sober cit !  
Shall he invade  
The courtier's trade  
Of gallantry and wit ?

Inspir'd by me,  
She dreams of thee,  
In raptures wakes, and sings—  
“ No power on earth  
“ Shall harm the birth  
“ That Fancy's midwife brings.”

When we of air  
Protect the fair,  
Their minds are chaste and pure :  
Be you like them,  
Esteem the gem,  
That virtue well secure.

On the 13th was likewise presented at this theatre, the tragedy of *King Henry the Second* ; or, *The Fall of Fair Rosamond*.

This piece was performed last season for the benefit of Mr. Thomas Hull, its author; and it is probable, that the singular approbation and protection it has now met with is principally owing to the excellence of the author's private character. To those who delight in dramas of a moral and religious tendency, and wish the stage to be a school of virtue, this tragedy will always be agreeable ; for it must



must be confessed, if the chief excellence of dramatic productions consists in piety and morality, then the author of *King Henry the Second* must rank pretty high among that class of writers. However, there are some critics who think, that the conduct of the plot is, in some parts, exceedingly bungling, and many of the situations singularly awkward. Queen Eleanor, during the greatest part of the last scene, remains on the stage a dumb spectator of her own mischief.

This tragedy, undoubtedly, like every production of the kind, has its defects as well as its beauties; yet we think it is little inferior to any tragedy of modern date. Ill-natured critics, indeed, may imagine, that they never shew their abilities to advantage but when they plough up the briary soil of Censure, which they always leave as barren as they find it. In our opinion, it is no small compliment to Mr. Hull, that he has ventured to bring on the stage a moral piece, in an age which is not complimented for its love of virtue; but the success *King Henry the Second* has met with would almost induce us to believe, that the charge of general profligacy, at present laid against us, is founded rather on prejudice than truth.

Our readers will find the Prologue and Epilogue to this tragedy among the Poetical Essays for the present month.

We have hitherto been speaking only of a pantomime, and a tragedy which first made its appearance last season: sorry we are, that the representation of a new comedy at this theatre was so late as the 29th, which obliges us to postpone a particular account of it till next month. All we can say of it at present is, that *The Man of Business*, (originally intended to be called *The White Liar*) written by Mr. Colman, was received with some applause, though not without opposition.

#### DRURY-LANE.

NOTHING new has appeared at this theatre during the course of the present month. The *Christmas Tale* seems to have afforded a very agreeable entertainment to the public in general, and to the proprietors of Drury-Lane in particular. Indeed, it is nothing but reasonable that those, who expend large sums in endeavouring to amuse the public, should receive the profits justly due to their labours and expences.

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

G A B R I E L L E.

A L O R R A I N E H I S T O R Y.

(EMBELLISHED WITH A BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVING.)

— — — — — 'Twas Love that struck her blind,  
Then play'd the wanton with her simple woe.

MASS.

WHEN the fox, the most cunning of all animals, studies to attack his prey, he marks, from his secret hiding-place, the weakest of the flock: it is the lamb, helpless and unresisting, which he dooms to bleed, and on him he riots in his kennel.—Man, who possesses the qualities of most of his fellow-animals, follows their example too. That refined savage, the man of gallantry, who swims upon his own folly and vanity

over the ruin of private society, follows the fox through his wiles. He marks the innocent, the simple, the witless inhabitant of the village, and already sees her among his prizes. The tyrant, in love as in war, delights to triumph over the weak.

Gabrielle took care of her brother's vineyard, &c. in a village of Lorraine. This honest couple were the only remains of a country family who once possessed the village, and made the neigh-



neighbourhood gav. The unparalleled distresses of France, in her last war with England, obliged her to fly to some extraordinary resources, and these were a cruel and unjust imposition upon the peasantry, which ordained the levying such of their effects as were found to be most readily saleable, and carrying them away on pretence of a *loan*, to be restored in more peaceable or fortunate times. As the blow was ordered to fall heaviest upon the most wealthy peasants; Jacques (the father of Gabrielle, and of her brother Austin) both felt it sharply, and bore it bravely. It is the glory of a Frenchman to have an opportunity of considering himself as in the least conducive to the service of his sovereign; and old Jacques was on this occasion so hurried on by the tide of national distress, that he permitted his son Austin to join the army, and follow the fortune of the war. At the termination of the war Austin returned, and found his family in very reduced circumstances. The *state-loan* was never restored, old Jacques broke his heart, and left his son and daughter to glean the fragments of his better fortune.

These were but few. A moderate proportion of common land, and a small vineyard, included the whole. The rougher part Austin assigned to himself; and daily, after young Gabrielle had finished the cares and duties of the house, she willingly aided her brother in the lighter parts of the labour. Hers it was to perform the agreeable duties of the vineyard and garden. She pruned the vines, she supported such as were weak, she reared them to the sun, and she gave every thing the assistance it seemed to want.

When M. le Pon, the lord of a neighbouring castle and forest, was sauntering one morning in his carriage near their village, he saw Gabrielle, and liked her; for Gabrielle was handsome. Lightly flowing hair, hazle eyes, an oval face covered with white and red, just tawnd by the sun, and a form which burst through every disadvantage of dress, were attractions which could not easily escape the observation of Le Pon. His eye had scarcely wandered over her form,

when he doomed her in his own mind to be the slave of his wishes. He invited her into his chariot, but she refused. He then alighted, but she ran away towards the village. He saw her no more that day.

He returned the succeeding day, and was more successful. It was Sunday, and he overtook Gabrielle following her brother at some distance to church. He drew her into conversation, told her who he was, displayed his wealth before her in prospect, offered her all, and Gabrielle rejected all. The only favour he could obtain from her was a promise to give him the meeting the following evening close to her own village.

However imprudent it was, the thoughtless Gabrielle kept her word. In truth, the novelty of the scene, which she was about to go through, incited her to pursue it, and she was resolved to give way to the adventure, were it only "to see how it ended." With this avowed purpose other causes operated. Le Pon wanted not attractions, and the advantages of dress heightened them greatly in the eye of a country girl. She met him accordingly with some prepossessions, and quitted him with regret. In short, it was agreed that she should escape with him the next morning, and that he should come for her to the village disguised in peasants cloaths, to avoid suspicion.

The next morning arrived, and Le Pon repaired to the appointed place of meeting, but he did not find Gabrielle there—for Gabrielle was at home, repenting for her adventures. In that monitor of the heart, the bed, she reflected on what she had done, and what she was to do, and she concluded herself to be a very silly girl. She dreaded the resentment of her brother too, whom she both feared and loved; she began to suspect what Le Pon might do with her, and, on the whole, it was resolved upon not to give him the promised meeting.

All these good and prudent resolutions went on swimmingly, till Le Pon, tired with waiting for her at the appointed place, stole up through the village in his disguise, and appeared at the cottage door. This startled her. Her bosom palpitated, her eye rolled



rolled wildly round, her cheek glow-  
ed. My dear Gabrielle, said Le  
Pon, why have you disappointed me?—  
“O Mr. Le Pon, answered the villager,  
I can’t—I mean, I won’t go.” Not go!  
why?—“O I can’t tell; but really, re-  
ally, Mr. Le Pon, I can’t—that is,  
I won’t go.” Tell me of what  
you are afraid?—“Of many things,  
but chiefly of my brother. He will  
want my labours; the house, the  
vineyard, the garden, who will take  
care of them? the plants will wither,  
the vines will fall, and when my bro-  
ther returns tired from the field, he  
will enter a cold and deserted house,  
and Gabrielle will be ranked amongst  
the most cursed of mortals.” My  
dear Gabrielle, (replied Le Pon) how  
idle are the fears which perplex you!  
On my knees I swear (*See the PLATE*)  
that I will render every thing easy to  
your wishes, only consent to go with  
me now. “And will you appease  
my brother?” said Gabrielle. Assured-  
ly, replied Le Pon. “Then take  
me, hide me from the sight of my  
brother, my cottage, my vineyard,  
from the sight of every thing, for me-  
thinks every thing upbraids me.” Le  
Pon stole along with her behind the  
village, lodged her in his carriage,  
and flew with her to his castle.

When the evening arrived, poor  
Austin arrived at his cottage, and  
found the latch drawn in the door,  
and the house deserted. But he sus-  
pected nothing, for his sister he  
thought might be in some neighbour-  
ing cottage. It became late, and he  
grew uneasy. He visited the neigh-  
bourhood, and found her not; but  
he was informed that she had passed  
behind the village in the morning in  
company with a stranger. This alarm-  
ed him, and he resolved to pursue her  
in the morning.

In the progress of his pursuit he was  
not unsuccessful, for the glare and  
noise of a carriage attracted the notice  
of every one, and certain information  
at length led him directly to the castle  
of Le Pon. He knocked and enquired  
for the master. He was told he was  
at home. “I saw him (said Austin)  
in the window of that apartment as  
he passed it.” Sirrah! (returned the

domestic) methinks you are very im-  
pudent to contradict me.—Austin  
pushed the slave aside, and walked  
coolly up to the door of the apartment  
where he had seen Le Pon. He open-  
ed it, and found Le Pon alone. “Sir,  
(said Austin, making his obedience)  
I have lost a sister, and am surely in-  
formed you are the spoiler. I come  
not to you as a bully, prodigal of my  
threats, and overbearing with my  
insults; but I come as her brother,  
firm and determined in her cause, and  
resolved to give her my protection so  
long as she deserves it.” My friend,  
answered Le Pon, believe me your  
sister is not here.—“I regret (replied  
Austin) that I have to contradict a  
gentleman; but methinks I hear her  
breathing in the next room.” Indeed,  
peasant, you mistake.—“Come, Sir,  
(replied Austin) I will be candid in  
my demand, and place the justice of my  
demand on the present occasion on a  
level even with your pretensions. I  
know you have seduced this simple  
girl from her cottage by arts against  
which she could have little defence;  
but let her appear here before us, let  
Gabrielle come forth, and I will place  
it in her choice to remain with you,  
or to return with me. By her own  
inclination I am willing to have the  
point decided.” To this Le Pon only  
replied, that he was ignorant of every  
circumstance concerning his sister.  
When Austin found that candour was  
ineffectual, he went towards the door  
of the room where he heard his sister.  
It was bolted: he applied his knee,  
burst it open, and Gabrielle rushed  
upon his neck in tears. He took her  
by the arm, and, eying her seducer  
with disdain, was preparing to leave  
the room with her.—Hear me a mo-  
ment (said Le Pon) and you shall be  
satisfied. That I have seduced your  
sister is true, but not ruined her:  
her virtue is still unspotted. As to  
yourself, I admire your courage and  
your firmness: you are brave and  
virtuous, and would not disgrace the  
family of Le Pon: give me your  
sister, and you are my brother. “Take  
her, (said Austin) if she can love  
you.” Gabrielle smiled, and the next  
day she became Madame Le Pon.



## To the EDITOR of the LONDON MAGAZINE.

OMNIA VINCIT IMPUDENTIA.

Who'er gets ME needs never fear,  
 He's learn'd, he's wife, and whatso'er —  
 He pleases. — — — — —

IMPUDENCE.

S I R,

WHILE the generality of parents were perpetually preaching to their children the most serious lessons of *Modesty*, and enforcing their arguments by examples from the ancients, my father was no less assiduous by dinning in my ears — *My son learn Impudence.*

He was a man who had long studied human nature, and was not accustomed to draw conclusions from the observations of others, but from what had immediately fallen under his own notice: he saw the change of the times, and with those changed his conduct. I was born in the evening of his life, when he plainly foresaw that he could not hope to live to see me arrive at manhood, and therefore was indefatigable, as I grew up, in making me imbibe those notions, which he thought might turn out most to my advantage.

In short, my father died before the fruit of his lawful embraces was ripened to maturity; and I was left to the care of an uncle, remarkable for his honour and modesty, who very *modestly* cheated me of my whole fortune, when I was turned adrift, and left to shift for myself,

Not knowing, and unknown, what course to steer,  
 With nought but *Impudence* — my faithful guide!

I will not, Sir, trouble you with a long detail of my adventures: suffice it to say, that I have so advantageously followed the dictates of my father, that I am at present one of the right honourable common-councilmen of the city of London; and, as I am intimately acquainted with Mr. Wilkes, I doubt not but I shall soon be an alderman, a lord-mayor, and a member of parliament.

If we look back to the histories of former ages, and carefully examine the most illustrious actions we there find recorded, we shall soon be convinced, that what historians have dignified with the pompous titles of *great* and *glorious*, and considered as the exploits of rather gods than men, owe their sole existence to the influence of *Impudence*. The dispute between Cæsar and Pompey, who considered the world as too limited for the possession of two such mortals, was not which was the most *worthy*, but which was the most *impudent*.

*Impudence*, like sterling gold, is frequently counterfeited, and used as a veil to conceal the false heart of a coward. Under this class are properly placed modern duellists, who, to appear brave, or rather *impudent*, in the eyes of the world, pretend to look with indifference on their very existence on every paltry occasion. But such compositions of vanity and folly are even beneath censure.

When I mix in company among the physical tribe, nothing is more common to me than to hear this exclamation — “How lucky is our acquaintance, who, though originally a plough-boy, after a few years service in the shop of an eminent chemist, by the merit of *Impudence*, bears the pompous title of M. D. and rolls about in his chariot?”

If I attend any of the courts at Westminster, to hear the pleadings there, with what an invincible front do I find those sons of *Impudence* maintain that right is wrong, black white, and quote Coke and Littleton to support it!

Indeed, Sir, what is to be done in love or war without *Impudence*? How many armies have been defeated, how many towns have been taken, merely through the influence of my patron! How many tender virgins, who had long rejected the addresses of sheepish *Modesty*, have surrendered on the first attacks of mighty *Impudence*!

But of all the characters that will shine in the future annals of *Impudence*, perhaps none will make so distinguished a figure as my worthy patriotic friend, who, without shilling of his own, reigns absolute sovereign of the city; and does more by the influence of my patron, than the prime minister can with all the assistance of the Exchequer.

There is, indeed, one class of mankind who must be totally excluded from any connexion with *Impudence* — the clergy in general; and permit me to add, the bishops in particular, whose invincible modesty permits them *seldom* to appear at court, and still less frequently in the pulpit.

I fear I grow tedious: I shall therefore only at present observe, that you last year obliged us with *The School of Love*: Sir, for the good of mankind, convert it into — *The School of*

IMPUDENCE.

DEBATE.



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AT



London Magazine, January 1774.



Van Drogena fecit.



*For the LONDON MAGAZINE.*

## DEBATES OF A POLITICAL SOCIETY.

*(Continued from our last.)*

MARCH 5, 1773.

**T**HE order was read for the third reading of Mr. Dowdeswell's bill for the relief of the poor, and in a manner preventing them from becoming chargeable to their parishes.

Mr. Calvert. — Sir, I rise to oppose this bill upon the same principles which induced me to object to it at first; and notwithstanding the motives of the honourable gentleman who has brought this matter before us are unquestionably humane, yet, Sir, I am persuaded, it will not answer the end he expects it will. If it has any effect at all, it will have a bad one; but I do not think it will have any; I am sure it cannot have a good one. It will encourage idleness, and be serviceable only to drones; it will bring the country people acquainted with the funds; a knowledge which, above all others, I never wish them to have; it will bring them acquainted with Exchange-alley and brokers, the worst people they can possibly be acquainted with; and the parish officers, churchwardens, and overseers, tempted by the prospect of a rise of stocks, will make use of the money in their trust; and their having occasion for attornies and agents, it will produce, Sir, such a train of mischief, which must infallibly terminate in their ruin: besides, Sir, the age itself is an insurmountable objection. At fifty for men to give up their employments, and rest themselves under the comforts of an annuity! Sir, the state requires service at their hands after they have arrived at that period; and I am sure, Sir, there are many of us in this House who have passed that age, that are not impaired either in our mental or intellectual faculties. (Here the House laughed). I do not mean to treat this subject ludicrously, but seriously to object to it, and wish gentlemen would attend to it before they suffer it to pass into a law.

Jan. 1774.

Mr. Morton spoke also against the bill. He said it was vesting too great a power in the hands of churchwardens, overseers, &c. and that polls in abundance would be taken, and no one good would ensue.

Mr. Dowdeswell, in support of his bill, replied in a very masterly manner to both of those gentlemen. He stated the efficacy and general advantages of the bill; that, instead of encouraging idleness, it would produce a laudable industry—that it would relieve the distress of old age, and be a comfortable resource for the poor and honest man—that he did not boast an extraordinary share of humanity in his temper, but his disposition was ever to alleviate distress; and that he had repeatedly seen, with anxiety and concern, old men with families obliged to work six or eight hours in a continual rain—that those men were continually subject to the different changes of the weather; and that the profligate and abandoned would not avail themselves of this law. He then entered into the impropriety of opposing the bill in its last stage. He said, that he had moved it before the holidays, on purpose to give gentlemen time to consider, and make themselves master of the subject—that it had hitherto been the custom of Parliament, at least while he had known it, to make the objections on the second reading; and that it would have been more candid and generous in the gentlemen to have done so in the present instance—that one of them attacked it on the report, the other at the conclusion, and which he did not look upon to be fair treatment.

A Member. — Sir, I will not detain the House five minutes; I shall only ask the honourable gentleman one question, and which will go to the very root of his bill. I am like him, Sir, a landed gentleman, and have nothing else to subsist upon. I should not like



like to have my estates charged with a perpetual mortgage; and I beg to know, if any of the purchasers of those annuities should sell their annuities, whether they will not become chargeable to the parish?

Mr. Dowdeswell.—Sir, the man who buys an annuity has certainly a right to dispose of it, and it would be injustice to abridge him of this right. As to their becoming chargeable to the parish, neither the honourable gentleman nor I can pretend to say; but would they not, if they had not purchased an annuity, be equally chargeable, and subject to become burthen-some to the parish?

A Member.—Sir, I cannot discover one good effect in this bill, which is infamous; (I do not mean, Sir, to throw the least reflection upon the honourable gentleman whose benevolent intention cannot be too much commended) but I assert, Sir, this bill is big with mischief of a serious nature; and I am sure every landed gentleman will oppose it.

Mr. Gilbert.—Sir, the distresses of the poor are become so great, provisions of every sort so extravagantly advanced, that I am heartily glad whenever I hear of any measure likely to relieve them in the remotest instance. This bill, Sir, is intended for a very humane purpose, and I am sure will have every good effect, without one bad one. I could wish, Sir, we could strike at the very root of an evil which most of all contributes to the ruin of the laborious poor; and that is, the licensing of ale-houses. I am sure, Sir, as far as my assistance will help, I will cheerfully attend. I have, with the advice and assistance of several other gentlemen, drawn out a plan which I am in hopes will be ready to present to the House this session; and I sincerely wish it may produce the end desired.

Mr. H. Cavendish replied, he was glad to hear such a thing was in agitation by the honourable gentleman; and that he hoped he would pursue it, as ale-houses were great nuisances, and ought to be put under some proper regulations.

The question was called, and the House divided, 62 for the bill's passing, 34 against it.

March 5.—After the debates on the third reading of Mr. Dowdeswell's bill, for making provision for aged and indigent persons under certain circumstances, and Mr. Ongley's motion for ordering a list of the names of the proprietors of the East-India Company to be made out and presented to the House, Lord Howe stood at the bar, and acquainted the House, that he had a report from the Committee appointed to consider of the petition of the Navy Captains, which he was ordered to bring up, and delivered in at the table. The report was accordingly read, and contained the substance pretty nearly of what his Lordship and Sir Gilbert Elliot had advanced in favour of the petition the day it was presented, with this addition only, of recommending an increase of two shillings a day to Captains on actual service, commanding fifth and sixth rates.

As soon as the report was read, Lord Howe remarked, that at the time the regulation of 1700 took place, there was a provision made for 150 Naval Captains, which was very near the whole number then on the list—that by the one of 1715, which, in the points now to be considered, was formed on the same plan, the junior Captains were very considerable losers, as the diminution of the personal pay did not keep pace with the disadvantages arising in other respects; for though it was true that the establishment of 1700 caused a decrease of pay proportionably to the rate of the ship, yet the Captains of the fifth and sixth rates suffered much more than the senior ones: for instance, they had an allowance of servants in proportion to the number of men they commanded, at the rate of four servants to every hundred men; by this means, added he, a Captain of a first or second rate might have had an increase made to his pay of twelve, fourteen, or sixteen shillings per day, in lieu of the reduction of 1700, while the Captain of the fifth or sixth rate was obliged to put up with a compensation of perhaps the fourth or fifth part of that allowance. His lordship then moved, that an addition of two shillings per day be made to the full pay of Captains of the Navy serving in fifth and sixth rates,



rates, according to the tenor of the report.

Lord North stood up and seconded Lord Howe: he said, that when the petition was first brought up, he opposed it chiefly on the idea that it would be a precedent for applications of a similar nature—that the event had proved he was not mistaken—that however, as the House thought proper to differ from him, he cheerfully acquiesced in its opinion—that he thought the present report, though it might perhaps be not quite so regular as he could wish, having stated matters not properly under the consideration of the committee, was, in his opinion, a very proper one: for, says he, by the addition we are now going to make to the half-pay of the junior Captains, they will receive about 110*l.* per ann. though those serving in fifth and sixth rates, and commanding sloops, when on full pay, will receive no more than 200*l.* per annum, which, on account of the trifling difference, and the necessary expences attending actual service, may be the means of preventing many offering themselves when they may be much wanted. He therefore concluded with wishing, that some method might be devised for obviating the irregularity of the report, as the expence incurred by it would not amount to more than 7000*l.* per ann. and was become now evidently necessary to compleat the original intention, that of putting the service upon a rational and equitable footing.

His lordship was answered by Capt. Phipps, who said, that this proposition would totally defeat, instead of forwarding the intentions of the House—that whatever the distresses of the half-pay Navy Captains might be, they felt much more pleasure from the estimation they found themselves held in by the constituent body of the nation, and the people in general, than from any advantage or immediate convenience that could accrue to them from an encrease of pay—that therefore, on the terms now proposed, he was confident they would much sooner forego every emolument they were about to receive by the preceding part of the report, than receive it clogged, as it must be, by the latter part, as explained by the noble lord who spoke last; and concluded by

saying he believed there was none of that corps, of which he had the honour to be one, who were capable of reasoning and acting on the principles pointed out by his lordship; and if there were, he would be bold to say, that body would gladly see such persons stigmatized in a manner suitable to their demerits, in order that they should not suffer in the eyes of the public for the ingratitude or improper conduct of a few individuals.

Sir Charles Saunders got up to set Lord North right, relative to the disadvantages his lordship supposed the commanders of sloops suffered on account of the smallness of their pay, and of the small difference between that and the half-pay as now proposed, observing the profits by the victualling, as there were no pursers admitted aboard sloops.

Lord North rose a second time to exculpate himself from any intention of reflecting on the gentlemen on the half-pay list, and said, that what he advanced related chiefly to times of peace, when there were no opportunities of gaining either honour, glory, or profit, and begged leave to adhere to his former opinion—that, under that circumstance, gentlemen who were settled would not be very willing to put themselves to a certain expence for a trifling advance of pay.

Mr. Pulteney then stood up, and said, that on the former debate, though he divided in favour of the petition the day it was first presented, he nevertheless coincided strongly in the reasons offered by the noble lord against it, and thought nothing but necessity could justify the measure—that he could not avoid being surprized to perceive his lordship's sentiments so unaccountably altered. Here, says he, a small sum was desired for a body of men confessed to be in the greatest distress, which was strongly opposed, while the same persons propose to burthen the nation with an equal expence, where no such distress is pretended, or application of any kind made. For my part, added he, though I thought the present proposition was a wise one, and should be agreed to, I should strenuously oppose it, considering the thinness of the House, and that we had no proper notice of any such intention.



Lord Howe then proposed to withdraw his motion, which was agreed to; and the House at length drew up an address to his Majesty on the former part of the report, and according to the idea of the petition only.

March 8.—After the business of the day was gone through, Mr. Pulteney made the motion, according to his promise of Thursday last, for the appointment of a committee to enquire into the inconveniencies arising from the present mode of granting cockets, and entering into bonds, so far as the same relate to the coast-trade carried on to and from the several ports and harbours of Great Britain respectively. He stated to the House, that, by an act of the 14th of Charles the Second, all ship-masters trading from any port in Great Britain to another, after having complied with the usual forms, are obliged, before they can proceed to sea, to enter into a bond, that they will deliver, at a certain port, or some port or creek in Great Britain, their cargoes, which is specified in a writing, called a cocket—that at the time this law was framed, there were many articles of merchandize, the growth and manufacture of the kingdom, that were absolutely prohibited to be exported, and almost all were subject to a duty on exportation—that therefore those prohibitions and those duties being long since taken off, from motives of a wiser and more enlightened policy, there could be no longer any need of continuing a restriction, when the cause for which it was enacted did not exist—that there were many inconveniences which resulted from the obligation ship-masters in the coast-trade lay under of taking cockets, and entering into bonds—that among the rest it frequently happened, that after their loading was compleated, they were obliged to go twenty or thirty miles, perhaps, to the next custom-house to give bond, by which means they either lost their market, or were detained by contrary winds at a high loss or expence—that when at sea they were often informed of the rise of such commodities as composed their cargoes at foreign markets, but were prevented from proceeding thither, on account of the obligation they were under of delivering them at

a native port—that though the expence of those bonds and cockets was of no great consequence to vessels of large burden, that nevertheless they fell very heavy on the small ones—that though the masters of such vessels could not get full freight on their return home, they often had an opportunity of getting part, but were prevented on account of the expence of the bond and cocket—that a transire would answer every solid end proposed by the bond and cocket, and obviate every encouragement that might be expected to be given smuggling were the latter discontinued; and that, as it might be deemed a hardship, if the House should think proper to alter the law as it now stood, to abolish fees and perquisites of office, some of them held by patent, for which a valuable consideration had been paid, he proposed that either a compensation should be made in lieu thereof, or a proportionable allowance, according to the size of the vessel, established in its place.

Mr. Pulteney was seconded by Mr. Dowdeswell, who confirmed every thing he had said with observing, that so early as queen Anne's reign the legislature, in part, convinced of the propriety of the present proposition, had taken off those restrictions in some particular places; and concluded by saying, that a compensation should not only be made to those who were principally entitled to the profits arising from cocket bonds, but likewise to all the inferior ones, who derived any legal profit in that branch of custom-house business.

To both those gentlemen Lord North replied, that it should be with the greatest caution and circumspection that the House ought to interfere in a matter in which the revenue laws were so deeply concerned, particularly the law in question, from which the nation derives so many and important benefits—that the wisdom of those who planned that clause now under consideration was as eminent as their intentions were apparent, it being evidently designed to prevent smuggling—that if any doubt could arise that this was what they meant, the preambles to the subsequent acts of the 5th, 8th and 9th of George the First, which his lordship ordered to be read, were the clearest and fullest comment, wherein



wherein that purpose is literally expressed — that if the present cocket bonds were abolished, and the transire left the only standing check upon a fraudulent and smuggling trade, then all a ship-master in the coast trade would have to do, would be only to dispose of his cargo and go to a foreign market, where he could purchase such commodities at a cheaper price, and run them into the port he was first bound to duty free, under the pretence he came coastways. He said, that as to the expence of the bond, he was fully assured the honourable gentleman was misinformed — that instead of 11. 4s. it amounted to no more than 8s. 3d. and if any more in any particular instance had been paid, it could be only in return for an indulgence by which the person paying reaped a superior advantage at the expence of the public revenue; and that the law of Queen Anne proved the very reverse of what was pretended on two grounds, both as being confined to the several dependencies of the port of London, and the Isle of Wight; and being expressive of the idea the legislature entertained of the point in question; for in making those two exceptions out of the general provisions, it shewed they entirely approved of retaining them in every other instance.

Here Mr. Pulteney entered into a comparison of the transire and the cocket bond, and attempted to prove, that, to every salutary and desirable purpose, the former would answer every end of the latter; he said, unprepared as he was, he could not pretend for the present to controvert every particular point the noble lord and his learned friend near him (Mr. Cowper) might advance on the subject; but this he would venture to assert, that if the House would agree to appoint a committee, he doubted not but he should be able to prove every point and every inference he had hitherto contended for, if not much more, and that from the very mouths of the persons from whom he presumed the noble lord had chiefly his information — from the Custom-house officers — and concluded by reading a paper containing an account of the expence of the bond and cocket.

The question was at length called, and the House was beginning to di-

vide; but the friends of the motion perceiving the smallness of their numbers, declined it.

March 9. — In a committee of the whole House, agreeable to the order of the day, the Commons yesterday proceeded to take into consideration the affairs of the EAST-INDIA COMPANY: The House was remarkably full of members, and the gallery so extremely crowded, that it was with difficulty the numbers therein contained could find accommodation. Previous to the Speaker's quitting the chair, the petition from the East-India Company was read, a list of the proprietors of East-India stock was ordered to be printed, and then Lord North presented to the House several papers, containing copies of letters which passed between Mr. Pitt, then secretary of state, on the part of the English, and Mons. Bussy and others on the part of the French Court, relative to the French and English East-India Companies. These papers contained the sentiments of both courts, at the time the definitive treaty of peace was negotiating between the two nations, respecting our territorial acquisitions in India. On a motion being made, that the papers should lie on the table, Mr. Dowdeswell rose and read part of a foreign publication, which contained the following passage:

“Respecting those territorial acquisitions the English East-India Company hath made in Asia, every dispute relative thereto must be settled by that company itself, the crown of England having no right to interfere in what is allowed to be the legal and exclusive property of a body corporate belonging to the English nation.”

From several other papers which Mr. Dowdeswell said he had to produce, all maintaining the same doctrine, although authenticated by the British ministry at the time of the peace, Mr. Dowdeswell inferred, that as far as the sentiments of the Crown could be collected from the sentiments of its ministers, it was understood that the East-India Company had an EXCLUSIVE and undoubted RIGHT to those territories it possessed, whether acquired by conquest or otherwise. Previous therefore to entering upon a discussion of the company's affairs, he said he thought



thought it necessary to acquaint the House with the sentiments of some former administrations, in which he had the honour to bear a part, and with which sentiments he now entirely coincided in opinion. Mr. Dowdeswell concluded by moving, that all the papers presented by Lord North, Mr. Conway and himself, should lie on the table. This being the declared sense of the House, the Speaker quitted the chair, and the debates opened by Lord North's rising and speaking to the following purport.

Lord North.—Before, Sir, we enter into a discussion of the East-India Company's affairs, I shall beg leave to make a few remarks upon an opinion which hath gained ground abroad, respecting a supposed RIGHT the company have to demand and expect assistance from parliament.

It has, Sir, with a great shew of confidence, been asserted, that the income agreed to be paid by the company to government was excessive, was advantageous to the state, and, the company's affairs considered, was more than they could possibly AFFORD, doing justice to the several proprietors of stock. Taking this position for granted, it hath been argued, that as the state by exacting the stipulated income from the company hath been accessary to its distress, the state in justice is BOUND to afford the assistance necessary to extricate the company out of those difficulties in which at present it is involved. Now, Sir, this position is altogether FALSE, and of course the consequence deduced from it is equally remote from truth. This position is FALSE, for the income agreed to be paid by the East-India Company to the state, so far from being advantageous, was by no means an equivalent for those articles of the revenue which the state gave up when it accepted the stipend of 400,000*l.* in lieu thereof. As to this being a larger sum than the company, considering the then state of their finances, could AFFORD; was that, Sir, the fault of the ministry? was the state to blame? did not the company of its own accord make the proposal? The first advances came not from government, but from the company; the company prayed then, as now, the assistance of government; the company knew, or ought to have

known, the strength of its own resources; and if the stipend offered was more than it could with convenience discharge, it was yet less than the state had a right to require, considering the value of those articles of the revenue given up, as I before observed, in lieu of the sum proposed by the company to be annually paid to government. For my part, Sir, I declare I was, at the first, averse to giving ear to any proposal of the kind; I was in hopes the company's distresses were not what I have since found them to be; and therefore, that without the interposition of parliamentary aid, they might be redressed; but when pressed by the company on the one hand, and the insight I daily gained into its deplorable situation on the other, I found it necessary for something to be done to save the company from a situation little short of absolute bankruptcy; then, Sir, I listened to the proposal, but, so far from an exaction, it was only an acquiescence on the part of government to the company's repeated and earnest solicitations. The justice then, Sir, of the state's at all interfering on a supposition of its having been accessary to the company's distresses, is an idea utterly repugnant to the matter of fact. As to the right the state has to interpose its authority, founded on its prior claim to all territorial acquisitions made by a body of its subjects, I shall say but little, though I might be fully justified in maintaining this right even in the most absolute sense; for, Sir, many men, far my superiors in abilities, in learning, and knowledge of the laws, have declared themselves of this opinion, and scruple not to express themselves clearly on this head, that "such territorial possessions as the subjects of any state shall acquire by conquest, are virtually the property of the state, and not of those individuals who acquire them." I am however, Sir, now only reciting the opinion of others as well as myself; but whether we allow or not, that the East-India Company hath a claim of justice to be relieved, it certainly will on all hands be most readily granted, that in policy we ought, if possible, to extricate from its difficulties a company so consequential to that state, and conducive, when under proper regulations,



to the good of that whole, of which it is an illustrious part.

It is some time, Sir, since a bill was framed, which it was imagined would greatly contribute to rectify the disorders complained of in India; but, Sir, the difficulty of appointing the judges, together with the want of proper information concerning the immense and complicated system of management carried on in Bengal, to which if we add an ignorance of the real causes which contributed to occasion the company's misfortunes; these obstacles prevented the application of what then it was thought might prove an adequate remedy, and in the sequel, the bill was lost. We are now, Sir, to consider, as something in policy ought, what can be done for the relief of the company; but even now we shall not be able to enter deeply into the affair; we shall not be able to probe the disease to the bottom; we are not sufficiently acquainted with its nature to prescribe, as skilful physicians, any thing which may effectuate a radical cure. In short, Sir, we still want the necessary information. Your committees, open and secret, have done all that men could do; with an unwearied diligence and perseverance almost unparalleled, the latter hath performed every thing which could be expected; it hath done honour to its institutors, by fully answering the end of its institution: but still, Sir, there is much to come to light; at present suspicion only authorizes us to say, that from the malversation of the company's servants abroad, and perhaps the culpability of some of its leading agents at home, there is an absolute necessity for an immediate interposition.

Far, Sir, be it from me to intend a reflection upon any particular man or set of men; we have no positive evidence of guilt, though strong enough PRESUMPTIVE to justify us in supposing, that in a country where the temptation to err is so powerful, and the hopes of escaping with impunity so flattering, matters have not been conducted by the company's servants with that fairness and propriety they ought. Let, however, Sir, the guilt of individuals be ever so great, the company is an object of too much national consequence to be overlooked. A com-

pany, Sir, the annual receipt of which amounts to almost four millions, and which exports British articles to the amount of four hundred thousand pounds; such a company is of too great a consequence, considered in a commercial light, not to call for our attention to its welfare. I will, Sir, state the affairs of the company, [here he made a very accurate estimate of the nett profits of the company for several years past; and after shewing the decrease of profits, and gradual deficiencies incurred; after declaring it as a fact, that the company had proposed a dividend at the very time it was in little better than an insolvent state, his lordship concluded thus.] From hence, Sir, I am warranted to declare, that in September the company will be deficient 1,300,425l.

Now, Sir, various plans have been proposed to me to relieve the company; the first is, that they might "borrow what money they want upon bonds;" but this is a method I can by no means approve of; for, Sir, they have already stretched their credit too far. Another expedient has been suggested, which is the "funding the company's bills;" but this, Sir, would by no means effect what is wanted, an immediate relief; the company's bills are diffused through a variety of hands, this expedient therefore would require a length of time to bring about the end proposed. Lastly it has been suggested that as the "directors and the managers of the company must have been some how or other to blame, it is but just that they should chiefly contribute to extricate the company out of those distresses, to plunge it in which their flagrant misconduct has contributed." But, Sir, every man at first sight will perceive the futility of this proposal; for during the interval spent in getting at proofs of the guilt of the culprits, the company may be ruined beyond even a possibility of redemption. On the whole, Sir, after revolving again and again this subject in my mind, I am more and more convinced that an instantaneous step should be taken, and that it is for the interest even of the public, that the public should assist the company; not, however, without taking the necessary precaution to prevent the like disasters from



from befalling the company in future; not without restraining the dividend to a certain assessment, nor yet without providing, that in case the managers of the company should neglect so to regulate their affairs as effectually to rectify the abuses which at present subsist, that then, at the time the public grants an aid of money, the grant may be accompanied with parliamentary aid to remedy the evils complained of.

I did, Sir, flatter myself that some plan of this kind, some salutary scheme of reformation would have been proposed; I could have wished it had originated from the company, and not from parliament; but as it is, Sir, taking the precautions above intimated for my guide, I shall beg leave to propose the following motions for the consideration of this House, and should they be assented to, we shall then have an opportunity, session after session, of making ourselves such thorough masters of East India affairs, that we shall

be well enabled to adopt those plans only, which, by alleviating past, may prevent the future misfortunes of a company, to contribute to the lasting welfare and prosperity of which has been my desire, and shall be my endeavours.

I shall now, Sir, read the resolutions I have to propose.

[Here he read the resolutions, which were to the following purport.]

That it is the opinion of this House, that the affairs of the East India Company are in such a state as to require parliamentary assistance.

That a loan of a sum of money is necessary to reinstate the company's affairs.

That a supply of 1,400,000l. be granted to the company.

Provided, at the same time, due care shall be taken that the necessary regulations be adopted to prevent the company's experiencing the like exigencies in future.

(To be continued.)

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

## AN INFALLIBLE SCHEME,

*By which any Family that can afford to save One Hundred Pounds a Year may attain to the Possession of great Wealth and Grandeur.*

**A**LL who mark with attentive discernment the spirit of the times, must acknowledge that the ruling passion of the British in this age is an extravagant, a boundless desire of riches. Hence it is, that numbers of our countrymen dart through the ocean to the most remote and dangerous regions: hence it is, that amongst those who remain at home, we find such an amazing variety of projects, with which every news-paper teems, exhibiting at once the fertility of human invention, and I am afraid the laxity of human virtue.

Although, amongst the feverish votaries of gold, there is no doubt a majority actuated by mere selfishness, in order to obtain the immediate gratifications of pride and pleasure; yet I persuade myself that there are many whose keenness is stimulated by a more refined and more generous principle, by the principle of family—they are struck

with the dignity and splendour of some of our peers, who seem to be like a superior race of beings to the rest of mankind: they consider that the ancestors of those peers were once mingled indiscriminately with the general mass of the people, and that the acquisition of great wealth was the means of their being exalted to the rank which they now hold, and a laudable ambition is indulged by the same means to set their own descendents as high.

For these I own I have a kindness, and as wealth acquired by the violation of honesty is a rotten foundation for a noble family, I am to present them with a scheme by which the end may be attained without the depravation of baseness. The old proverb "a penny saved is a penny gained" may be enlarged to any extent. I ask to carry it no farther than to the saving of one hundred pounds for one hundred years, which will produce above



two hundred and sixty-one thousand pounds, as is demonstrated by a calculation with which I have been favoured by a gentleman of abilities, and which I subjoin.

By executing my scheme, a family will not only avoid the guilt by which wealth is often procured, but will even be free from the solitudes of trade, and the meanness of court intrigue. How easily may many a good plain gen-

tleman lay up one hundred pounds a year, and in the course of about three generations his family may share the hereditary legislature of Great Britain! Each generation will be the more encouraged to perseverance, as it approximates more to the grand object; and, in my mind, nobility is as worthily bestowed on an unblemished perseverance, as on daring adventure or sudden contingency.

### THE CALCULATION.

An annuity of £.100 per annum is forborn 100 years, what will then be due at 5 per cent. compound interest?

### FIRST OPERATION.

Annuity =  $a$ , rate of interest =  $r$ , time =  $t$ , and amount =  $z$ .

From the Logarithm of  $a$  subtract the Log. of  $r-1$  and to the remainder add the Log.  $r^t$ , and from the number answering to this last sum, subtract the number answering to the remainder; the difference shall be  $z$  the amount sought.

$$\begin{array}{lll} \frac{a}{r-1} = \text{£.}100 & \text{Log. of } \frac{a}{r-1} = 2.0000000 & \text{Log. of } r = 0.0211893 \\ r-1 = 0.05 & \text{Log. of } r-1 = 8.6989700 & \frac{t = 100}{r^t = 2.1189300} \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{lll} \frac{a}{r-1} = \text{£.}2000 & \text{Log. of } \frac{a}{r-1} = 3.3010300 & \\ & \text{Log. of } r^t = 2.1189300 & \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{lll} \frac{art}{r-1} = \text{£.}263002.2 & \text{Log. of } \frac{art}{r-1} = 5.4199600 & \\ \text{Deduct } 2000 & & \end{array}$$

Remains £.261002.4 : — =  $z$  the amount sought.

### SECOND OPERATION.

$$\text{If } 5 : 100 :: 100$$

100

10000

2000 = the correspondent principal.

|                                     |   |   |   |   |   |   |          |                                |
|-------------------------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|----------|--------------------------------|
| Log. of the rate                    | - | - | - | - | - | - | -        | 0.0211893                      |
| Multiplied by the time              | - | - | - | - | - | - | -        | 100                            |
| Log. of the rate $\times$ the time  | - | - | - | - | - | - | -        | 2.1189300                      |
| Add Log. of corresponding principal | - | - | - | - | - | - | -        | 3.3010300                      |
|                                     |   |   |   |   |   |   |          | 5.4199600                      |
| Equal to the Log. of                | - | - | - | - | - | - | 263002.2 |                                |
| Subtract corresponding principal    | - | - | - | - | - | - | 2000     |                                |
| Remains the amount                  | - | - | - | - | - | - | 261002.2 | <i>id est</i> £.261002 : 4 : — |

## To the EDITOR of the LONDON MAGAZINE.

S I R,  
**Y**OU must know I am one of those inconsistent fellows, who can reason very wisely on an indiscretion after it is over, but could never attain wisdom, or firmness enough to guard against the like mischiefs for the future. — I call myself to account very gravely, give myself the fairest warnings possible, resolve like a hero, and then forget all like a fool.

But, though I state my case thus freely and impartially, and condemn myself thus rigorously, there are certain alleviations, which I think necessary to lay before you: I said above, that I sometimes reasoned; but then that very reason serves only to reproach, or betray me: in the critical moment, when it ought to give me the strongest support, it either deludes, or deserts me utterly. I am either incapable of thinking at all, or else see things in a quite different light from what they appear upon cooler reflection. When heated with wine, fraught with good humour, and stimulated with gay conversation, pleasure presents herself before me in so desirable a shape, that I cannot help giving way to her temptations: she persuades me, that the present moment is all I can call my own; that time, unenjoyed, is wasted; that I am to live for myself only; that all considerations beside, are the shackles of priests and politicians; that what I leave behind me I lose; and that when I make my exit, the whole play is over. Now where is reason at this time? why truly gone over to the adversary's side, or seeming to have done so, which is all one; so that I not only fall into a snare, but think, for the time being, what I do is right. — 'Tis true, appetite never fails to throw in his casting voice, and persuades me, that nothing would be so impertinent as to be undeceived.

But when the scene shifts, when all these enchantments vanish, and I find myself to count my gains, what, passing, seemed so delicious, passed, makes me wonder how I could be enamoured of a phantom, that rather affords disgust than enjoyment; and I am forced

to compare the bewitchments, I had been so fond of, to the evening clouds, gay, while gilded, but, when enveloped with darkness, rather horrid than pleasing.

Thus I appear to myself and friends in two distinct characters; at once, the most mortified and licentious creature in the world: circumstances that represent me in so ludicrous a light to my acquaintance, that they laugh as much at my wisdom as my folly.

Nor are they contented to laugh only, but the rogues are eternally setting snares to seduce me into a relapse, as often as ever I vow a reformation: if I forswear taverns, they seduce me in a family-way; if I make myself a recluse, they are indefatigable in finding me out, and are so overjoyed, and so affectionate, that I cannot find in my heart to refuse them any thing.

Thus, with as little sincerity as Shakespeare has bestowed on his Falstaff, I am, to the full, as frail a convert: and my acquaintance are never so well pleased, as when I seem most earnest to take up, as having then experience on their side, to witness that I am on the point of affording them as much or more sport than ever.

Not long since, which is the immediate occasion of this present letter, having observed, that my resolutions to reform served only as a hint for them to take me in the more effectually, I set about it without giving any signal at all; withdrew myself from company by degrees, and applauded my own sagacity much, for finding out so happy an expedient. — But, before I had brought things to bear to my wish, whether by chance or design, I am yet wholly ignorant, one of the knot invites me, after the play, to spend a serious hour at the coffee-house; *to keep ourselves out of harm's way*, added he. I readily agreed, as being what was perfectly consistent with my new scheme, and coffee-houses, hitherto, having been sacred to dulness and politics.

Well, to one we went, read the evening-papers, talked of nothing but of news and the weather, and that in  
 little



little more than monosyllables, for half an hour, when dropped in, first, one friend, then another; after them a third, and fourth, and so on, till we had almost the whole set. — Such an agreeable interview, so much by chance, in so unwonted a place, put us all into high spirits. — Wine was first called for, but over-ruled in favour of arrack-punch, to which were presently added, jellies and champain. — Still I suspected nothing, and rather helped on the frolic, than opposed it. — It was but once more I thought — It would look morose to thwart so happy a vein. — I was now sufficiently on my guard, and could take my leave, if things came to extremity.

With these qualifying reflections I gave a loose to mirth and gaiety; in a few moments, lost all sight of my former resolutions: wit flowed, or seemed to flow, (for criticism is ridiculous, where men only aim to be happy, not to be wise) every one indulged his genius, no man assumed a superiority, all had their turns to shine, and laughter made up the general chorus. — By degrees pleasantry

gave way to extravagance; all were alike inflamed, and none wise, or courageous enough, to put a stop to the growing licentiousness. — In that nice crisis, women appeared, women as frolic and libertine as ourselves: women, as Milton divinely says, “Practic’d to troll the tongue, and roll the eye.” — These were received in a manner agreeable to their own wishes, as they came so opportunely to ours: the expence immediately doubled ten-fold; intemperance had its full swing, and the evening ended nobody knows how; for, when I recovered my senses, found I was in a strange house, with strange company; and had a long bill to pay, without a farthing in my pockets to answer it.

I am now come again to myself, I mean to my better self, and have avoided my loose companions ever since: happy if I can at last get the better of this absurd pliancy, and no longer have reason to reproach myself, that my principles are a satire on my practice, and my practice on my principles!

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

AFTERWIT.

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

## A LETTER FROM ROME.

By a GENTLEMAN now on his TRAVELS.

DEAR SIR,

WHEN I left England, I gave you my promise that I should, from time to time, write you an account of my travels; that I would describe to you what I observed to be curious in the works of painters and artists; and that, when I should meet with circumstances, singular and problematical in regard to manners and opinions, I would submit them to your reflections. At present, I feel an inclination to convey you some information concerning the paintings and sculptures which adorn two of the finest palaces at Rome. You must not expect an exact list of every thing I saw and admired. It will be sufficient if I enumerate to you those works which appeared to be executed in the finest taste.

In the Palazzo Barbarino there are several paintings by Raphael, which discover all the grace and excellencies of that inimitable master. They do not, however, at first sight, strike the observer, as so highly admirable; but the more they are examined, the more their merits become conspicuous. The portrait of his mistress is here, and is a much admired picture; it is indeed wonderfully lively, and well coloured: as a piece of art it is unexceptionable; but, if considered as the representation of a very fine woman, it is certainly exposed to censure; this, however, was not, possibly, the intention of the painter: her complexion is a dark brown, her eyes are black, and her features are strong and marked. A very delicate judge of female beauty might fancy her to be rather inelegant, and



and to want that bewitching softness, to which women are chiefly indebted for the influence they possess over us. This picture has been frequently copied, and in particular by Julio Romano.

You remember in Tacitus, the fine description which that great historian has given of the death of Germanicus; an event, that was brought about by the cruel policy of Tiberius. It is here no less admirably represented by the pencil of Poussin. The hero is painted as in an expiring attitude, and as intreating his surrounding friends to compassion and revenge; and their countenances are wonderfully expressive of the sentiments he meant to excite. The figure of his wife Agrippina is exquisite, and discovers a sorrow, silent and noble: their three children give a richness to the piece, and add to its general expression.

It were superfluous to mention to you, that the great characteristics of Guido Rheni, are the tender and the pathetic: and never did he exhibit them with so much power as in his famous Magdalen, which is one of the finest ornaments of this palace. One can never tire with viewing it, and it impresses the mind with a sentiment in the highest degree soft and complacent. The figure is larger than the life, and beautiful throughout. The large drapery is a pale lake; the shadows are transparent and full of reflexions; and the piece is farther adorned with two little-boy angels, finely coloured.

There is here an antique marble Venus, bigger than the life, and reposing on a couch; it is a delightful figure; nothing, in my opinion, can convey juster ideas of beauty: and yet, you well know, that sculpture is the least expressive of the sister arts of imitation. Even all the little excellencies, and minute requisites, which connoisseurs of a certain class have found out, and are fond to admire in the female form, are here fully displayed. *Ab unguiculo, ad capillum summum, est festivissima!*

In the Palazzo del Duca di Bracciano, there is an admirable piece of sculpture in the Greek taste, representing Cleopatra asleep. It is of Parian marble, and twice as big as the life. The hair of the head is noble; and

one may gather from the countenance somewhat of the character of that singular queen. I think the ancient historians have not described her as a complete beauty, nor does she appear to be so in this representation; but, her features seem, notwithstanding, to excite love rather than admiration; and I could not behold this figure without recalling to remembrance the amorous scenes which she acted with Antony. These scenes were doubtless criminal and impolitic; but, when one recollects the many, and the agreeable accomplishments of this woman, and considers her rich invention for frolic and adventure, it is no longer surprising, that she should so charm and fascinate that Roman commander, as to make him forget his former reputation, and that he was contending for the empire of the world.

Castor and Pollux are here leaning on each other; and there are not two finer statues in Rome than these of the two brothers; nor, perhaps, one worse than that of the Leda which stands by them, holding the egg in her hand. It is remarkable, that in many of the works of antiquity, the principal figures are executed with very great art, while the inferior ones are execrable. The reverses, for example, of the Syrian and Greek medals are almost always indifferent.

Here too are the amours of Jupiter in five large cartons, by the pencil of Julio Romano. These are infinitely more correct and perfect than were usually the compositions of this celebrated artist. He was more remarkable for the fertility of his imagination, and the vivacity of his genius, than for grace or nature; and his colouring was almost never commendable.

Titian is another of the great masters, whose compositions enrich this palace. It is possessed of his pope Sixtus IV. a very highly finished picture: it is full of nature, and the colouring admirable. It was said of this artist, by Michel Angelo, that if he had studied the antique as much as he had done nature, he must have been absolutely inimitable. Two of his pictures have been extolled as exceedingly capital: one is, a Last Supper, preserved in the Refectory at the Escorial in Spain; and the other is



at Milan, representing Christ crowned with thorns. The principal figure in the latter has a grace and grandeur more than mortal; and the countenance displays a benevolence and humility, joined with a dignity and pain, which no pencil, it is thought, but that of Titian could have so feelingly described.

But what appeared to me as the most striking pieces I have ever seen, were some paintings of Correggio, which are here exhibited. They are his Leda and Danae; his Io, Mercury teaching Cupid to read, and Cupid shaving his bow. In the style of the connoisseur, they are bright, mellow, warm, and tender: nor is it possible, that their perfections can be conceived, but by those who have seen them. The tincts and traits dissolve beautifully into each other; and the features, parts and outlines, are yet perfectly distinct and determined. Never, surely, was nature so happily expressed!

Raphael is in general great, and has those permanent beauties, which are acquired by studying the antique; but I do not conceive, that he surprises and pleases in so high a degree as Correggio. The fine qualities of the former may be seen in other masters; but the pencil, the colouring, and the enchanting grace of the latter are peculiar to himself. You will perceive, that Correggio is a favourite of mine; and I must beg your indulgence, while I amuse myself by drawing a characteristic sketch of this great master.

Correggio had never visited Rome; and, on this account, he had not benefited by examining the beautiful remains of ancient artists. Hence the peculiarity of his manner; and

hence it proceeded, that he possessed not minute exactness, and sought not admiration by the laborious touches of art. He failed in painting a hand, or an arm; but little inaccuracies did, not derogate from the perfection of his works. He left to inferior geniuses the glory of excelling in trifles. In the choice of his subjects he was admirable; his fancy was fertile, and in his carnations he was able to unite delicacy with force. His figures are beautifully rounded; and no harshness appears in his outline. The passions he could affect, and agitate above all other masters. His expression was natural and elegant; and had a certain charm, which it is impossible to express; but which surprised and delighted every beholder. The art of fore-shortening figures he knew to perfection; and he acquired it by the power of native genius. He was the first that practised it with success; and it is an excellence, in which succeeding artists have in vain attempted to vie with him. The flesh of his figures, you would fancy, was real: it is so inimitably clear, soft, tender, and delicate. His colouring is nature itself. His lights are distributed with an amazing address: every inch has its share in contributing to the general harmony of the piece. In a word, if the pencil of Correggio is not the most sublime, or the most affecting, that has been employed in representations of nature, it must, at least, be allowed to be the most agreeable, and the most bewitching.

But I will not now detain your attention longer. Continue to care for, and to love me. I am,

Dear Sir,

Your obedient servant, and friend,

A. I.

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

## MEMOIRS OF LORD PRODICAL.

IT is a matter of debate among the learned, whether the dispositions to particular evils, for which some men are so remarkable, are natural to them, or whether they are the consequences of a wrong education, prejudice, or bad example. However, certain it is, that we see pride, vanity,

Jan. 1774.

tyranny and oppression, with a long catalogue of other, defects so constantly the attendants on some men, that they can no more think or act otherwise, than the leopard can change his spots, or the Hyæna forget its ferocity.

Of this stamp was Lord Prodical. At school, his early cunning and hypocrisy



pocrisy gained him an easy access to the hearts of the credulous and unguarded, whose secrets he always turned to his own advantage, regardless of the punishments his play-mates underwent from such acts of infidelity.

Leaving school, he was taken into the office of a gentleman who was agent for several regiments, and who had always been considered as the most honest of that rapacious swarm of locusts. Fortune here favoured the child of perdition, who could not possibly have had a more proper sphere to act in, as the necessities of half-pay officers furnished him with sufficient opportunities of oppressing others, and enriching himself. As secrecy was the mutual interest both of himself and those he had to deal with, he carried on the vilest schemes unsuspected by his masters, whose favour he acquired to such a degree, by means of his industry and hypocrisy, that some years after he gave up the business entirely to him, and retired into the country to enjoy, in the evening of his life, the innocent pleasures of a rural retreat, undisturbed by remorse, uninterrupted by the reproaches of conscience.

Such hasty strides did this hopeful youth make in his profession, that he soon found himself enabled to purchase a venal borough; and thus an ambitious wretch (without the least ability to discharge a trust of so important a nature) represented a corrupt, foolish, and degenerate body of constituents. In the house, he was the minister's tool; out of it, the mockery and contempt of every honest and disinterested man. It is not a new observation, that to be the tools of power is the surest way to preferment; as ministers are always more attentive to reward those who can easily conquer the insignificant qualms of conscience, than to favour the less governable spirits of virtue and merit.

We must not therefore wonder when we are told, that he appeared in an employment during the time of a long, obstinate, and expensive war, which enabled him to acquire such an estate, by plundering his country, and taking every dishonest advantage of the office he filled, that, at the ceasing of hostilities, he was supposed to be one of the richest commoners in

England. I will pass over the meanness of his extraction, and the poverty in which he suffered a good parent to finish his journey through life.

Time has now raised him to the highest pinnacle of grandeur his vanity and ambition can aspire to: he is now a peer of the realm, and a star hides his false heart. If honours, title, and riches, are capable of making a man happy, then surely Lord Prodigal must be compleatly so; but, if you enquire into his private character and conduct, you will find that he is truly miserable. Mankind are perhaps more on a level than we generally seem to imagine: the major part of the rich are no less discontented amidst their superfluities, than the humble mechanic involved in poverty.

View him seated at his table, and his countenance will tell you, how much the luxuries and studied delicacies of his meals, when weighed in the scale of contentment, fall short of the homely but pleasing fare of labour and industry! View but the state of his mind, how wretched indeed! how much beneath the meanest of all mortals! Ever jealous of his domestics that surround him, every thing is done with a view to injure him, every thing is designedly wrong; but the least word of applause has not at any time been heard to proceed from his mouth, unless the lips of flattery have extorted it from him.

To be beloved is not what he wishes for, because he well knows that cannot be; he is determined therefore he will, if possible, be feared. Hence he in a manner tires out every one about him, who finding it impossible to please him, no longer attempt it, and are now become so habituated to his surly, morose, and uncharitable disposition, and his mad actions are grown so familiar to them, that he is rather the object of their mockery and ridicule, than the cause of a moment's serious reflection, or the least uneasiness.

Humanity, benevolence, and generosity, are things he may have heard of, but he is utterly unacquainted with the use of them; and it is with him an infallible maxim, that the good-natured man must be a fool. While other men, in exalted stations



of life, miss no opportunity of providing for those who have acted faithfully in their service, by procuring them places under the government suitable to their rank and abilities, Lord Prodigal is trying every means to prevent his from rising, that, by keeping them poor and humble, they may the more readily submit to his yoke of tyranny and oppression; but, while he is thus exercising a despotic power over his own menials, he is himself the slave to superior nobles, whose nod or beckon is to him as tremendous as Jove's awful thunder.

An utter stranger to the tender emotions of conjugal love, he has never ventured to tread in the happy walk

of lawful wedlock, the fears of family expences terrifying him beyond description; yet, strange! he keeps a mistress, whose history I may perhaps, Sir, send you hereafter. At present, suffice it to say, that she has gained such an ascendancy over him, that he is no longer master of himself, but tamely submits to her extravagancies, which almost exceed credibility.

To conclude, it is highly probable that she will squander away the whole of his fortune; and when horror, disappointment, and despair, shall put a period to his wretched life, it is not unlikely, but that she will then trample over his grave in triumph and contempt.

For the L O N D O N M A G A Z I N E.

## A JOURNEY from JOPPA to JERUSALEM.

*Translated from the French.*

**H**AVING settled my affairs in Acra\*, so that they could not be any ways affected for the worse by my absence for a few days, I took the opportunity of paying a visit to the so much talked of milk-and-honey land, and accordingly departed from that place at one o'clock, and arrived at Joppa at five the next morning. From thence we departed in the evening; that is to say, our second mate, myself, and his highness prince Saleh Toby, an Arab, who had agreed to conduct us to Jerusalem; for it is well known, that there is no going thither without an escort of one or more of those Arabs, who exact a rigorous *caphar*, or tax, on every curious or superstitious traveller, who puts himself in their power.

It is therefore the business of the fathers of the Terra Sancta at Joppa† to provide some guide, of sufficient authority, to protect the pilgrim from the insult of these most unholy possessors of the Holy Land; and, even in that point, there must be a great deal of caution used; for, as the

mountaineers are at continual war, and knock one another on the head at every convenient opportunity, it is often of very bad consequence to the poor Sion traveller, who suffers severely in the flesh for the misunderstanding between the different tribes of these hell-hounds, as indeed might probably have been our case, had not prince Toby, conscious of his own incapacity to fulfil his engagements, very civilly given us the slip a little way out of Ramah, and left us under the convoy of one of less eminent quality, who however did the business as well as the best of them all: for though his scoundrel highness is most puissant in his own territories, and among his own tribe, yet he knew well enough what he was to expect in any of the places through which we were to pass, by the reception a brother of his met with about five days before, who was, by some of them, fairly shot through the body.

Though his highness bilked us of some money, yet we were well quit of him; for, in an embroil of that nature,

E 2

nature,

\* A sea-port in Phœnicia, formerly the residence of the knights of Jerusalem.

† Joppa, though the most considerable sea-port in Judea, is now a poor ruined town, consisting of hardly more than 400 inhabitants, whose livelihood depends on the pilgrims going to and from Jerusalem, whom they furnish with provisions, guides, and other necessaries.



nature, we should have come in for our share, and stood a chance of getting soundly drubbed, if not stripped; though indeed, for the latter part, I was in no great danger, as we had taken care to equip ourselves at Joppa with clothes very little capable of inspiring an Arab with a desire of uncasing us; and, as for money and arms, they know pilgrims scarce ever carry any: so that, instead of taking any thing from them, they are generally kind enough to present something to them, and lay upon their heads and shoulders more than they are well able to bear, which indeed, in plain English, is a cudgel, and of which they are in no wise niggards.

We set out from Joppa about six in the evening, and arrived at Ramah about nine, where we staid till about the same time the next evening, and then mounted directly for Jerusalem, which is distant from that place about ten hours journey; so that travelling all night we computed to arrive there about sun-rise the next morning, the excessive heat of the weather rendering it almost impossible to travel by day: we therefore, very reasonably as we thought, preferred the freshness of the night for that purpose, and more especially as it was moon-shine, and in the month of May.

O charming! in May! (methinks I hear an untravelled citizen cry) —What pleasure you must have enjoyed that night! How every sense must have been regaled! The sweet lullings of the nightingale! the odorous vernal bloom! the cool refreshing breeze! and the whole face of that delightful country silvered over with glittering moonshine! It must certainly have enchanted you!

Why, ay, I was enchanted; or, if you will, bewitched, to take all this trouble to see so wretched a land; for, as to your nightingales—blossoms—and breezes—you may e'en stay at home in your own country to enjoy them. All the music I heard that night was the shrill shriek of some poor melancholy cricket, that seemed to be cursing its hard fate amongst those hideous rocks; nor were my olfactory nerves any other ways affected than by a faint and disagreeable smell of the parched earth; and as to your breezes, why, yes, it is true we had

them—cool as the gleam of an oven's mouth, and refreshing as the soft zephyrs of a glass-maker's furnace! For it was our luck to meet with one of those winds, which in its pilgrimage is pleased to take its way over the Egyptian deserts, whereby it serves as a vehicle to transport the heat of the burning sands all over this happy country; and, as the wind reigns almost all the summer, I leave the reader to judge, how agreeable it must be to the inhabitant as well as the traveller.

Not only the atmosphere was intolerable, but the roads too were so wretchedly bad, that we were in danger every moment of breaking a leg, if not a neck. Such precipices! such ups and downs! and the ten thousand millions of loose stones, that lie scattered all over the road, would make one wonder how it could be possible for the poor beasts ever to pick their way through them; and yet, by use, they have got the knack of it so cleverly, that they will carry you down a descent, steeper and more intricate than a belfry staircase, without making one *faux pas*; and well for the poor traveller it is that they are so sure footed, or otherwise woe to his bones!

Well, befriended with all these agreeable circumstances, we kept *bunyaning* it on for four or five hours, till at last we came to a long and narrow pass, between two steep mountains, comparable enough to honest John's Valley of the shadow of death; but, as he only *dreamt* of meeting with a devil or two in his passage, we, too truly, had our passage cut off by five; and, what seemed to portend us little satisfaction from the encounter, they did not appear to be any of those immaterial essences, that only act on the mental part by suggestion and insinuation; but good, nervous, well-finewed sons of Belial, who by their looks, and the pretty little switches in their hands, not bigger than one's wrist, seemed to give us to understand they proposed to inform our judgments by actual contact, or matter acting upon matter.

In short, to speak intelligibly, they were five Arabs, who started from behind the rocks, four armed with clubs, and the fifth with a gun. However, they



they were civil enough not to knock us down before they bid us stand; but fell into a parley with our Arab guide, who, to do the fellow justice, really performed his part by us; for he swore, entreated, and expostulated, and sometimes almost cried. The point was, they insisted we were Greeks, and had not paid the *capbar*, and therefore should pay it to them.

At this instant, one of the Arabs had got up a huge stone, that he aimed to discharge, or at least pretended so, at my head, which, I promise you, made me shake it a good deal. I now thought the affair began to be a little serious; for at first I was rather diverted than alarmed, and had begun to scrape an acquaintance with

one of those rugged gentry, whilst our captains were disputing the point. In short, without saying a word, by the help of some whimsical gestures, I made shift to make him laugh, and in a moment or two afterwards he went to the gunster, their chief, when, after a short parley between them, we had the consolation to see them all march off, and leave us to pursue our journey. So on we jogged till we came to the gates of Jerusalem, thro' a country good for nothing but that of being too good for the scoundrel race that inhabit it—a dreary, wild and uncomfortable prospect of naked and craggy rocks—a soil as stony and ungrateful as their hearts.

(To be continued.)

To the EDITOR of the LONDON MAGAZINE.

SIR,

NOTHING more distinguishes a great and noble soul than the regarding injuries with contempt, and despising every opportunity for revenge. A generous mind will ever find more pleasure in forgiving than in resenting ingratitude. The ungrateful man, who is made sensible of his error by reason and kindness, is doubly conquered; for he is then deprived not only of the ability, but even of the wish, to be further hurtful, and he sinks into himself with shame and confusion. I was led into these reflections from the following passage in a celebrated French historian, and, though it may not be new to many of your learned readers, yet I shall venture to trouble you with it in English, as I presume it will not be unacceptable to the many who have not read it.

Demetrius Poliorcetes, who had been of infinite service to the Athenian people, on his departure to conduct the war, submitted to them the care of his wife and children. Unfortunately, he lost the battle, and was obliged to seek safety in flight. He determined, as the most prudent method, to take refuge among his good friends, the Athenians; but those ungrateful people refused to receive him, and even sent to him his wife and children, pretending there could be little security for them in

Athens, from whence the enemy would soon be in a condition to take them.

This behaviour pierced Demetrius to the heart; for nothing so sensibly affects generous souls as the ingratitude of friends, made such by repeated acts of kindness and generosity.

Some time after, when fortune had given a happier turn to the fate of his arms, and placed him at the head of a powerful army, he turned his attention towards Athens, and laid siege to that city. The Athenians, concluding they had no mercy to expect from Demetrius, resolved to die sword in hand, and published an edict, declaring it instant death to those who should propose surrendering to that prince; but they forgot that they had no corn in the city, and that they should soon be in want of bread.

After having a long time suffered the most cruel hunger, the most reasonable of the besieged declared, as their opinion, that it was better for Demetrius to kill them at one stroke, than to die a lingering death by famine. Perhaps, said they, Demetrius may save our wives and children. This advice prevailed, and the gates of the city were thrown open to the conqueror.

Demetrius then ordered, that all the married men should be assembled in



in some spacious place, that his soldiers, sword in hand, might surround them. Nothing was then seen in that city but horror and confusion: wives embracing their husbands, children their fathers, and taking the last farewell of each other.

When they were all assembled, Demetrius, who was placed on an eminence, reproached them for their ingratitude in the severest terms, and could not refrain himself from tears. The multitude kept silence, expecting every moment he would order the

soldiery to massacre them; but how great was their astonishment when they heard this good prince say, "My design is to convince you of your ingratitude towards me: it was not to an enemy you refused assistance, but to a prince who loved you, who loves you still; and who seeks no other revenge but in pardoning you, and making you happy. Go each of you home; while you have been standing here, my soldiers, by my orders, have furnished your houses with corn and bread." HISTORICUS.

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

*Notes of Mr. SAMUEL JOHNSON's Tour*

*To SCOTLAND and the WESTERN ISLES.*

**M**R. Johnson left London on Friday, the sixth of August, 1773; went by York and Durham to Newcastle, where he stayed some days, visited the Duke of Northumberland at Alnwick-Castle, arrived at Edinburgh on Saturday the 14th, from whence he set out on Wednesday the 18th, accompanied by James Boswell, Esq. crossed the Firth of Forth from Leith to Kinghorn, but by the way landed on the little island called Inch-Kieth, on which there is a fort built by Mary Queen of Scots: travelled along the coast to St. Andrews, went by Dundee, Aberbrothick, Montrose, Aberdeen, Slains-Castle, the seat of the earl of Errol, Banff, Cullen, Elgin, Forres, Nairn, Fort George, Inverness, Fort Augustus, and through the wilds of Glenmariston and Glen-shiel, to Bernera. From thence he sailed to the Isle of Sky, on which he landed, on Wednesday the first of September, traversed the greatest part of that island, and made an excursion to the island of Rasay, which is not far distant from Sky. The weather proved unluckily worse than usual, even in that region, so that they were detained on the point of Slate a considerable time before they could get clear from Sky, in their course to the island of Mull, beyond which lies Icolmkill, which was a capital object of their curiosity; and when they had sailed, at last the wind turned

against them before they could reach Mull, drove them to the island of Coll, where they were kept by storm for a fortnight: at length they got loose, and arrived in Mull, over a good part of which they travelled by land. They were in the isles of Ulva and Inckkenneth, but could not get to Staffa, though near it, the surges were so high. They got a good passage to Icolmkill, and viewed the ancient buildings there with minute attention. They returned through Mull, crossed over to the main land of Argyleshire, and then proceeded to Inverary, and by Lochlomond and Dumbarton-Castle to Glasgow. From whence they went to Ayrshire, and returned to Edinburgh on Tuesday the ninth of November. In which city and its neighbourhood he remained till Monday the 22d of that month, and got safely back to London on Friday the 26th, after an absence of one hundred and twelve days.

In the course of this progress, Mr. Johnson saw the four university towns, many of the noblest religious ruins, the most rude and the best cultivated parts of Scotland, islands of different kinds, caves, cascades, and other natural curiosities, with a variety of manners and customs altogether new to one who has spent his life in the south of England, and chiefly in London. Wherever he went he was received



received with much attention and politeness by the great and the learned.

Being asked how he liked his entertainment in the Highlands, he said, "the sauce to every thing was the benevolence of the inhabitants, which cannot be too much commended: I love the people better than their country."

He was a week at the seat of the laird of M'Leod in the Isle of Sky. This young chieftain is not yet one and twenty, but is an honour to his country by his generous regard for his people: he stops their emigrating to America, by which, while he preserves the consequence of his own family, he does an essential service to the state, by keeping so many brave men at home for its defence. Mr. Johnson said, "he never met with a man, who, at his age, had advanced his understanding so much, who had more desire to learn, or who had learnt more."

In the island of Rasay, he found the laird of that island a most agreeable and hospitable gentleman, with a family of three sons, and ten daughters, all by one lady. He said, that he here saw a patriarchal scene, just what he had come to see.

When he was at St. Andrews,

somebody happened to ask where John Knox was buried? Mr. Johnson, whose high-church principles are well known, and who never disguises them, said, "I hope in the high way. I have been seeing some of the effects of his reformation."

He went to see Hawthornden, where his namesake, Ben Johnson, visited the ingenious Mr. Drummond. He saw the place by moonlight, and the caves by candle light.

When in the Isle of Sky, he paid a visit to the celebrated lady, so well known by the name of Miss Flora Macdonald, whose heroick adventures in 1745 have rendered her fame immortal with the generous of all parties. She is now the wife of Mr. Macdonald, of Kingsburgh, at whose house Mr. Johnson staid a night.

He was at great pains to inquire into the authenticity of the poems, published to the world as the works of Ossian, an ancient Highland bard: but it is said, that he is confirmed in his disbelief.

These few notes we have offered to our readers as a *whet*, before the instructive and entertaining account of this extraordinary expedition of Mr. Johnson, which is impatiently expected from that admirable writer.

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

## THE CONJUGAL DIVERS,

A VISION.

VASTO-IMMERGERE PONTO.

I Was reading a few nights ago of a race of Indians, who always recommended themselves to their lady-loves by their depth of diving in the sea, and he that went the furthest was entitled to his choice of a wife, or the fairest lady chose him for his aquatic power of plunging and sinking. The whimsicality of the custom dwelt much upon my mind, and continued to haunt my understanding in my sleep. Methought I was walking upon the new terrace of Richmond-Gardens, when I discovered a concourse of people before the naked villa of Sir Charles Asgyl at Richmond. I prest forward with much

eagerness to know the reason of the assembly: when a very corpulent matron informed me, that nine young men were going to dive for a wife; a lady of much beauty, virtue, and fortune. The first of the champion divers was a fine well-limbed young fellow, about six feet high, and as well proportioned for diving as any young man I had ever seen; he plunged with an heroick air into the stream, and continued under water upwards of two minutes; he rose to the acclamations of the people, and the lady's eyes flashed with lambent fire. I thought she seemed so agitated, that her inclinations were fixed upon this youth, till



a second stepped forth much less in stature, but elegantly made, light, fair, and active: he ran from the bank, and went so easy into the stream, that he hardly made a splash in dividing the waves: two minutes and a quarter he continued unseen: great bets were now upon his art of sinking, till the third came forward, who was a raw red-bearded Scotsman, tempted to take a leap for the sake of the money: Saunders took the waters like a Tweed salmon, nor was he less scaly, for the prickles upon his latter end showed more of the fish than the man. Some men, who were more inclined to be witty than candid, said, that the dusky spots were made by the sun and the air; which was a plain proof that Saunders had not long known the luxury of breeches. However, Saunders was not intimidated with the flash of their sarcasms; but grave as a priest at the kirk, he plunged in, and made as large a hole in the water as a whale: when he rose, which was not long, he spluttered and splashed in such a manner, that the mob concluded he was drowning, so a boat was put off to take up poor Saunders, who was going in a great hurry to the devil by water. When he came out, it was some time before he recovered his speech; they rolled him upon the sod, and he threw up much water. The lady asked him, why he was so rash to attempt a task which he appeared to be so very unfit for; "In troth (answered Sawney) a faint heart never won a fine lady, for your fortune my lady I'd *take* another dip." Did you never, Sir, continued the heroine, try to swim before? "No, no, my lady; but what has swimming to do with diving? I knew well enough I could sink like a stone, and that was *au* that was wanting: but it will *not* do, I am no matters of a hand at rising." So I perceive, added the lady, and therefore, Sir, you may spare yourself the trouble of venturing again.

The fourth was a little tight fiery Welchman; who swore by "the bones of Shaint Davit, that he could swim like a pike, and dive like an eel, and that he would have her, with Got's blessing, as sure as a goat had horns." Upon that he sprung from the bank, but he was never seen more.

An Irishman observed, that he believed he was gone to Monmouth by the Thames. The fifth was a volatile feathered fool of a Frenchman, who strutted forth with his snuff-box in his hand, declaring, "by the power of de Grand Monarch, that he would de swim from Calais to de Indes orientals but he would possess de Belle Dame and her fortune, dat de Englishmens did not know to swim, and dat he would dem instruct." Upon this frothy preface, he leaped in, and sunk like a stone; the mob marvelled at his absurdity, and he was taken up below Isleworth half drowned. When he returned to the lady, with all the ease, impudence, and grimace he declared, "Dat de water Anglois was very bad, very weak: *dat* it was no like to de water Francois, not so strong by de much." The lady smiled upon his vanity, and the Frenchman, half-perished with cold, and his knees knocking against each other, took a pinch of snuff, and put on his cloaths.

The next three were less fitted to the task than the rest, and like puppies, they went down the stream. The ninth was a very handsome officer from Ireland, about the age of twenty eight, five feet ten inches high, well proportioned, of a fair and ruddy complexion, with long black hair, plated down his back; which was snow white, and such as the fairest nymph might have envied. He walked upon the strand with dignity and grace, and showed every proportion of the most manly nature. The ladies hung upon him with attention; some seemed to wish to make him an offer of their charms to divert him from so rash an attempt. The lady seemed herself desirous of altering his trial, and was willing to accept him without further proof of his abilities. But that could not be suffered. When he was ready to plunge into the rapid stream, he turned round to the fair lady, and with a most respectful bow, kissed her lily and most delicate hand: fire flashed in her eyes, and tears arose instantaneously to quench the fire, which the touch of this Hibernian champion had kindled in them. Off he sprung, and contrary to the rest, showed such amazing powers and strength, that he dived and



and swam against the stream, and after being some minutes under the water, he arose again at the upper part of the town, then negligently turned, swam down the river with the greatest ease, and came out with an air of triumph, and demanded the beautiful prize. Such a fluid swam in her bright black eyes, as I never saw before; she met him with the most expressive rapture, and hung about his neck a blue ribband; to which was bound her own lovely picture, set with diamonds. The men all expressed by the most penetrating looks how much they envied him; and the ladies hung their love-

ly heads, and showed how much they wished to possess her place. A most superb banquet was prepared for the celebrating of the wedding, musick and dancing were added, and the following elegant lines were pinned upon the conjugal curtains.

Let LOVE and LAUGHTER consecrate the time;

The SMILES, the GRACES, on your curtains climb:

Let *Flora* each perfume profuse distill,  
And down of *Cupid's* wings your pillows fill:

Let all your future days be like the first,  
Deep may you drink and yet for ever thirst.

N.

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

On the absurd Compliments which People pay to Parents

## ON THE LIKENESSES OF CHILDREN.

MOTHER'S MOUTH, AND MOTHER'S NOSE,  
FATHER'S EYES AS BLACK AS SLOES.

I Was drawn into this essay by the observations I made the other day upon a christening visit: the whole house was in smiles, and every thing was purchased new in honour of the little heir: the men all looked as if they had made free with the cellar; the maids, as if they were properly elevated with caudle, and master Charley, who was the occasion of the festivity, seemed to have had more of the bottle than agreed with his young stomach, as it flowed spontaneously again. The situation of a *lady in the straw* has something in it pleasing and dignified; she commands at once our admiration and respect. I have been puzzled to know from whence this expression took its rise; I cannot attribute it to any thing more probable, than the state of Mary, when she brought forth the child Jesus in the stable: and this expression is now the remains of the Roman church, which always introduced these sayings, that every thing more or less might keep pace with the New Testament.

The gossips being met, and all the ladies of the circle of her acquaintance collected together, with each a *half-crown of king Charles* ready for the nurse, I sat still in the arm chair, and attended to the remarks of all the

dames and virgins: one said, it was a sweet creature; another it was a charming baby; a third, that it was the picture of papa; a fourth, that it was mamma's *own* child; a fifth, that it had its mother's eyes; a sixth, that it had its father's nose; a seventh that it had its mother's pretty little ears; an eighth, that she was sure it would be sensible, for it was the picture of papa; a ninth, that she vowed it would be musical, for it smiled as soon as she hummed a tune; a tenth, that the child would be brave, for as soon as it saw the captain's red coat, it clinched its sweet little fist and kicked immoderately, and so on; till another lady came in with a fine boy, when all the company, with unanimous accord, declared, that master Tommy was the picture of his father the captain: they over-powered the boy with caresses, and the lady with compliments, till she had an opportunity of undeceiving them, by assuring the ladies all, that master Tommy was her nephew, and that his father lived one hundred miles from the metropolis. The ladies all stared; they were loth to retract their assertions, and so to support their argument, they began to whisper a little scandal to each other, that so many persons could not

F.

Jan. 1774.



be deceived, and therefore master Tommy's mother must have played truant with the captain his uncle.

I shall finish this gossiping story, with an anecdote of the late Lady Tyrawley, who was paying a christening visit, and after waiting a long time with great impatience to see the child, which the nurse was to bring down, the footman came into the apartment to mend the fire; and her ladyship being prodigiously near-sighted, and at this time very eager to testify her zeal, and shew her compliments, the first, to the family by a thousand common place observations

on the bantling; she ran up immediately to the servant, who had the coal bucket in his hand, and said, with uncommon volubility, "it is the sweetest creature I ever beheld, my lord duke's nose, my lady duchess's eyes and mouth; dear nurse, this is an universal joy, for sure no mother ever had so sweet a creature." The company all stared, her ladyship never discovered her error, called for her chair, found herself very happy that she had paid her visit, and returned home full of the praises of his grace's delightful baby.

N.

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

## A PHILOSOPHICAL ESSAY ON LOVE, ILLUSTRATED WITH CHARACTERS.\*

**C**ALISTA was young and beautiful, endowed with a great share of wit and solid sense. Agathocles, whose age very little exceeded her's, was well made, brave, and prudent. He had the good fortune to be introduced at Calista's, where his looks, wandering indifferently over a numerous circle, soon distinguished and fixed upon her. But, recovering from the short extasy occasioned by the first sight, he immediately reproached himself, as being guilty of rudeness to the rest of the company; a fault which he endeavoured to correct by looking round on other objects. Vain attempt! they were attracted by a powerful charm, and turned again towards Calista. He blushed as well as she, while a sweet emotion, till then unfelt, produced a kind of fluttering in his heart, and confusion in his countenance. They both became, at the same time, more timid, and more curious. He was pleased with gazing at Calista; which he could not do without trembling: whilst Calista, secretly satisfied with this flattering preference, cast her eyes on him by stealth. They were both under an apprehension, but especially Calista, of being caught by the other in the fact; and yet caught they were almost every moment.

The hour of separation came, which to them appeared too sudden: melancholy were the reflections they made on the rapidity of time. Imagination, however, did not permit them to be entirely absent from each other: for the image of Calista was deeply engraved on the mind of Agathocles; and his features were as strongly impressed on that of Calista. They both appeared less chearful the rest of the day.

A lively sentiment, which they did not well comprehend themselves, intirely employed their minds, in spite of every attempt to divert them. Two days passed without seeing one another again: and, though this interval of time had been filled up either by business or recreations, yet they both, notwithstanding, experienced a weariness and dissatisfaction in their minds, for which they could no way account. But the moment, which brought them together again, explained it to them: the perfect contentment they felt in each other's company made them sensible of the real source of their melancholy.

Agathocles took more courage that day: he addressed Calista in a most obliging manner, and had the happiness to converse with her for the first time. As yet he had seen only her



outward charms; but now he discovered the beauty of her mind, the integrity of her heart, the dignity of her sentiments, and the delicacy of her wit; but what charmed him the most, was the opinion he conceived that she did not judge him unworthy of her esteem. From this time he made her frequent visits, in every one of which he discovered some new perfection in the fair Calista.

This is the characteristic of true merit; it gains by being exposed to the eye of a judicious person. A man of sense will soon dislike a coquette, a fool, or a giddy woman: but if he falls in love with a woman of merit, time, far from weakening, will only strengthen and augment his passion. The fixed inclination of Agathocles convinced him now that what he felt for Calista was love, and that of the most tender nature. This he knew; but Calista did not as yet know it, or at least had not learnt it from his lips.

Love is timorous and diffident. A bold suitor is not the real lover of the lady whom he addresses: he seeks for nothing but pleasure. Agathocles at last resolved to open his heart to Calista; but he did not do it in the affected language of a romantic passion. Lovely Calista, said he ingenuously, it is not mere esteem that binds me to you, but a most passionate and tender love. I feel that I cannot live without you: can you, without violence to your inclinations, consent to make me happy? I may love you without offence, it is a tribute due to your merit: but may I flatter myself with the hope of some small return?

A coquette would have affected to be displeased at such a declaration. But Calista not only listened to her lover without interrupting him, but answered him without ill-nature, and gave him leave to hope. Nor did she put his constancy to a tedious trial: the happiness for which he sighed was no longer delayed than was necessary to prepare the ceremony. The marriage settlements were easily regulated betwixt the parties; for interest was out of the question: the chief article consisted in the mutual exchange of hearts, which was already fulfilled.

What will be the lot of this new married couple? The happiest, I may venture to foretel, that mortals can

enjoy upon earth. No pleasures are comparable to those that affect the heart; and there are none, as I have observed before, that affect it with such exquisite delight, as loving and being beloved. To this tender union we can never apply the words of Democritus, that the pleasure of love is but a short epilepsy. He meant, without doubt, that mere sensual pleasure, which has so little in it of the nature of love, that a man may enjoy it without loving, and love without ever enjoying it. They will be constant in their love. This I dare also predict; and I know the reason. Their affection is not founded on the dazzling charms of beauty: they are both the friends of virtue; they love each other on this account; they will, therefore, continue to love, as long as they are virtuous; and their union itself is a pledge of their perseverance: for nothing so much secures our continuance in the paths of virtue, as to have perpetually before our eyes the example of a person whom we love.

Nothing is capable to disturb their happiness, but those disasters and misfortunes, from which their love cannot shelter them. But, supposing such a reverse of fortune, would not their fate in this regard be common with that of the rest of mankind?

Those who have never tasted the pleasures of love, are not exempt from the like casualties; and the lover is, at least, a gainer in regard to those pleasures, which constitute no small part of the happiness of life.

Besides, even love itself will greatly diminish the sense of their misfortunes. For love has the peculiar property of alleviating the sufferings of two fond hearts, and of rendering their pleasures more exquisite. By this communication of distress, they seem to divide its weight: and, on the contrary, by participation their satisfaction is doubled. As a squadron of horse is with greater difficulty broken through by the enemy, in proportion to its closeness: so the happy pair resist the attacks of adversity with so much the more strength and success as they are more closely united. Ye sensual lovers of carnal pleasures, this history of these chaste delights is to you an in-



comprehensible enigma, or a ridiculous paradox! Love, whose standard you pretend to follow, is to you unknown: you are in his eyes the profane who do not deserve to be initiated into his mysteries. What have you done in his service? By what exploits have you merited his favour? You have ridiculously affected forced gestures, and theatrical attitudes; you have followed exactly every rising mode; you have practised, in your glass, the complaisant smile, the lively glance, and the passionate look. You have exhausted the delicacy of your taste, and the strength of your imagination, in the frivolous employment of adorning your persons, with all the extravagance of dress. Foolishly elated with these pitiful advantages, you have displayed in assemblies you triumphant airs.

Upon the planting of your batteries, there was no beauty, to be sure, but must lay down her arms, and surrender at discretion. You have practised every art, either to seduce or surprize, and have spared neither flattery, nor lies, nor offers, nor promises, nor pretences, nor the basest dissimulation. Some few, it is true, have served as trophies to your odious vanity. The fall of one was a long time prepared by the levity of her

manners, or perhaps by the warmth of her constitution: another has been dazzled by the glitter of gold and jewels: the innocent Agnes has been ensnared through simplicity; and the young Hebe by an indiscreet curiosity. But confess the truth; do not you blush at your conquests? none of them could ever make you happy. This appears by your repeated inconstancy and infidelity, from your perfidy and perjuries, from your uneasiness and regret. Your love is turned into hatred; you blaspheme what you once adored; there is no woman safe from your outrageous declamations; you vilify and abuse that amiable sex which was formed for the happiness of ours. But how is it possible for you to conceive an esteem for the sex, when you judge of them by the worst of patterns? No true bliss can be expected from this passion, but by those who love with delicacy an object worthy of their affection. Without these circumstances you will infallibly be unhappy, either by the inconstancy of the object beloved, or by your own: and then you will perceive, that what bore the appearance of love, was not really so, for true love is always constant; it was only a conformity of taste for pleasure.

[To be concluded in our next.]

### *On the Rise and Utility of News-Papers.*

(From AN ESSAY ON PUBLIC MEDICINES, just published.)\*

SOME fifty or sixty years ago, when turnpike roads were not so general, and the conveyance from place to place was far more difficult than at present, people were obliged to put up with many very great inconveniences, and to confine their wants within a narrow compass. They had no encouragement; and, in some cases, scarcely a possibility to extend their connexions, and contented themselves, therefore, with such immediate necessities as their little neighbourhood afforded. They had not then any great inclination for reading, nor were the polite arts so generally attended to as they now are. Domestic

industry employed their time, and left them little leisure for other amusements. Such was the state of our forefathers, when the intestine broils of the kingdom raised their attention, and called them from their villages to assist their king and country. The youths, who had hitherto assisted their fathers in the cultivation of their lands, now cheerfully enlisted under the banner of their sovereign, and boldly went to fight against their enemies, who threatened such depredations on their native kingdom. Hence the parents became anxious to know the state of these their young adventurers; they caught with eagerness the

\* See a particular Account of this Pamphlet in the third Article of our Review for the present Month.



the public papers, and read impatiently an account of every battle, while fear foreboded that their sons had fallen.

It is from this æra, that we may date the universality of news-papers in this kingdom. They were at first the vehicles of political information only; disclosing the secrets of ministerial councils, and presaging to the public a future war or peace; but their plan has since been materially altered and improved; and they are now become the vehicles of general information. From the number of hands into which they were distributed, it was soon discovered, that these were the best and most convenient channels for making known our own necessities, or for offering a supply for those of others. Travelling, too, became more easy, by degrees, and distance no longer a hindrance to their circulation.

A man needed only be at the expence of a few shillings for an advertisement, and his wants were immediately made known to many thousands of persons, in a shorter space of time than could be done by any other method. If a horse was stolen, a house broke open, or a robbery committed, the printers of news-papers were instantly applied to, and such was their success in thus publishing the villainy, that the offender has often by this means only been apprehended, and brought to the punishment his crime entitled him to. A landlord, who wants to let an empty house, or a few acres of his land, has nothing now to do but to advertise, and he is soon provided with a tenant; and the man of enterprizing genius, who is deterred from following his pursuits by want of money, advertises only good security, and he is immediately supplied to the extent of his demands. In short, there is scarcely any article in life, of which we stand in need, but what an advertisement will more easily procure than any other means we can devise. Men are now thoroughly sensible of this advantage, and hence it is that advertisements are so numerous in all our news-papers. They form a considerable part of their contents, and to men of business are certainly the most valuable.

Politicks are now little more than a farce; the rage of party has in a great measure subsided; and Peace having fixed her standard amongst us, we are no longer troubled with the long accounts of battles between contending armies. Our news-papers are now devoted to a more agreeable purpose. They yield us a more amusing variety of matter, as they are either employed in the politer services of literature, or in establishing more extensive connexions amongst mankind.

Persons of all ages and occupations agree in encouraging their circulation. The old and feeble cit, whose infirmities confine him from the busy world, is still desirous of seeing how affairs go on, and therefore reads the news; while his huge, unwieldy lady, whom even prodigy of bulk cannot restrain from fashionable diversions, tells her maid to bring the morning paper with the tea, that she may see when the Pantheon opens. The city miss, on her part, has a world of entertainment in reading the newspaper. She there reads of trips to Scotland with a father's footman, or a genteel hair-dresser. She pities, from her soul, the many victims to neglected love, who have closed their miserable lives by sudden means, and rejoices to find that Rosamond's pond is no longer in the way, to tempt them to destroy themselves. The progress of fashion, too, she traces, in the papers, through its different changes, and knows who appeared most brilliant at court or mansion-house. The merchant, by means of the public papers, knows the departure, voyages and arrivals of his vessels; the fluctuation of the stocks is there also exactly minuted, together with the state of our foreign concerns. The sportsman is presented with an account of Newmarket and other races; the sales of horses, and their various pedigrees; and whatever else it may be his interest to know. The farmer sees the state of the harvest through the kingdom; the average price of corn in every county, and reads of the various improvements made in husbandry. And the tradesman has an endless variety of information, which at once both pleases and instructs him.

*For*



For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

*Of the vulgar Opinion concerning the Power of*

## THE IMAGINATION ON PREGNANT WOMEN,

**H**OWEVER great the power which imagination has over the body may be, philosophers have fancied it much greater than it really is. Not content with the prodigies of nature, they have attributed to it others, which are merely ideal.

Led aside, on one hand, by appearances; on the other, by the love of the marvellous, like the stupid vulgar, they have adopted ridiculous prejudices, and employed their pens in defending them.

We are told of a pregnant woman in Germany, who being struck with the sight of a picture of John Baptist, which hung in her bed-chamber, was afterwards delivered of an infant with its whole body hairy, and some physiologists, treating this absurdity as an assured fact, concluded, that the imagination could change the form of the solids, the features of the countenance, and the colour of the skin.

This opinion was implicitly believed, and is at present universally received. From thence it is pretended, that whatever affects the mother, affects the foetus likewise; that the affections of the soul of the one, act on the body of the other; to this energy are attributed the resemblance of children to their parents, those blemishes on the skin, and all those monstrous productions wherein nature appears to have forgotten the wisdom of her own laws. They even carry their love of the marvellous so far as to assert, that the foetus bears the real marks and representation of the longings of the mother, as of fruits and the like which she may have eagerly desired. But if we attentively examine these marks and blemishes, these pretended signs of the mother's distempered imagination, we shall perceive them to be only sanguine stains, and yellow or reddish spots, more or less strongly expressed, produced by some change in the texture of the

skin. "These spots have assuredly some figure; because every spot must have one, and this figure must necessarily bear a resemblance to something; but they have neither the form of any fruit, nor that of any object which the mother could desire." I have seen many such pretended representations of the mother's longings, but could never observe in them any thing more.

By investigating the causes of these prejudices, we shall find, as I have already remarked, that erroneous observations only could have given birth thereto. Not only the facts are false, but even supposing they were true, they cannot be produced by the causes to which they have been attributed.

I will not say, to prove this, that as our sensations resemble not their objects, it is impossible that desire can produce physical representations of those objects: I have more convincing proofs to adduce.

The soul affects the body undoubtedly in every passion, and always differently, according to the diversity of its emotions; but it has been evidently demonstrated, that the soul has no influence on the body, but by the nervous fluid; that this power over the body is reduced to the dilating or contracting our solids, to the accelerating or retarding the oscillatory motion of the organs of circulation in different degrees, sometimes even so as to destroy the motion of the whole machine; and that it has no other power over the fluid of the nerves, but to alter its quality and deprave it, that is, to render it caustic or destroy its energy. Now the empire of the soul over the body which it inhabits, being thus limited, can it be more extensive over a body to which it is not so closely united? For it is well known, that the *fetus* has no direct or immediate communication with the mother; whilst



it is in the womb, it is inclosed within membranes, which adhere not to the uterus in the first months of pregnancy, nor is their adhesion very great when pregnancy is farther advanced. The placenta being connected to the uterus by papillæ on the external part of the membranes inserted into the small foramina of this organ, and joined by a mucilaginous matter, which possesses so small a degree of adhesion, that it scarcely *appends* to the matrix; the *fœtus* therefore, in some respects, is intirely independent of the mother.

It has been for a long time believed, that the blood of the mother passes into the body of the *fœtus*, by means of the *placenta* and *funis umbilicalis*; it has been supposed likewise, that the blood vessels of the uterus open into these foramina, and the vessels of the placenta into these papillæ, and that their vessels communicate with each other. But experience has convinced us of the error of this opinion; for, by injecting the arteries of the *funis umbilicalis*, the liquor injected wholly returns by the veins, nor does the least part of it escape into those parts, with which they are supposed to com-

municate. Besides, we may easily detract these papillæ from their foramina, without producing any efflux of blood, either from the uterus or the placenta, there being discharged from one to the other a lacteal fluid only, which serves for nourishment to the *fœtus*.

The *fœtus* therefore has nothing in common with the mother but this nutritive lymph. They have distinct and separate organs and functions; nor has the mother any influence over the *fœtus*, but by means of this liquor. Every alteration of this nutritive, received from the mother, is therefore communicated to the *fœtus*: if it be corrupt, the solids and fluids of the *fœtus* are so likewise, but the fluids of the mother cannot otherwise affect it. It is not therefore to the imagination of the mother that we must attribute those resemblances, those mutilations, those duplicities of parts, those cutaneous blemishes which infants bring with them into the world, and which have been commonly regarded as true representations of the depraved appetites of women, during pregnancy.

## CHARACTER OF VOLTAIRE,

BY WILLIAM JONES, ESQ.

**M** DE VOLTAIRE seems to bear away the palm of history among the French: his style is lively and spirited, his descriptions animated and striking, his remarks always ingenious, often deep; and, if some trifling errors are discovered in his writings, we are willing to excuse them, when we reflect, that he is not only the best historian, but the finest poet also, and the greatest wit, of his nation. He appears to be unjustly charged with embellishing his pieces at the expense of truth, and with relating facts which he had not examined: this may, perhaps, be the case in one or two instances; but his life of Charles the Twelfth gains fresh credit every day, and his account of Peter the Great was extracted from the most authentick materials; it was, indeed, the necessary fate of any au-

thor, who should write the lives and adventures of those two singular princes, to pass rather for the compiler of fables, than for the relater of real events, till time should confirm the truth of the actions recorded by him. It may be thought arrogant in a foreigner, to criticise so great a writer in the article of style and language; but it seems to me, that his periods are not sufficiently expanded: he describes a battle, and discourses on the fate of kingdoms, in the diction of an essay; and frequently huddles the most important remarks into the compass of a short sentence: so that the perpetual return of the full pause makes his language often dry, abrupt, and difficult to be read aloud without a fatiguing monotony. There are as many kinds of style, as there are different subjects: that of an essay,



ly should be light and elegant; of a letter, lively and familiar; of an oration, copious and elate; of a moral discourse, grave and solemn; but that of an history ought to be smooth, flowing, and natural, without any graces but perspicuity: yet most authors form a way of writing peculiar to their own taste and genius, which they use indifferently on all occasions; thus Voltaire is equally gay, equally polished, whether he writes upon history, criticism, or philosophy. His distinguishing excellence is wit; which, however, sometimes gets the better of his judgement. Wit is never displayed to advantage, but in its proper place: it has often a great effect in controversy; it may even be admitted into an essay; it is the charm of conversation, when it rises naturally from the subject, without seeming to be prepared: but it should be wholly banished from historical compositions and solemn speeches; since nothing can be more absurd, than to discuss the weighty points of legislation and politicks in a string of conceits and allusions. It suited the Roman orator's purpose, in his de-

fense of Muræna, to make the judges merry at the expense of the accuser, Cato, whose stoical principles he rallies with infinite humour; but we meet with no example of this kind in the Catilinarian or Philippick Oration, when nothing less was concerned, than the destiny of the whole empire: thus in the relation of common occurrences, if they happen to be of a ludicrous nature, there cannot be too much brilliancy and liveliness; but humour should no more find its way into an historical piece, than into an heroic poem; and all our veneration for the genius of Milton will not make us excuse the impertinence of his jokes in his battle of the angels. I dwell the longer on the absurdity of ill-placed wit, because all the works of Voltaire are tinctured with it\*; and he cannot give an abstract of the Newtonian philosophy, without interspersing it with strokes of humour. On the whole, however, Voltaire is one of the most agreeable writers in the world, and has brought his native language to the greatest elegance, which it seems capable of receiving.

\* *His histories abound with such turns as these: tandis que les Moscovites se plaignaient à St. Nicolas de leur défaite, Charles faisait rendre grâces à Dieu, et se préparait à de nouvelles victoires. His Elements of Philosophy are introduced with a number of humorous dissertations, the first of which begins with this sentence Platon rêvait beaucoup, et on n'a pas moins rêvé depuis, &c. but Plato did not write upon Ideas in a tripping style full of points and antitheses.*

## THE INVINCIBLE BEAUTY.

**V**ANDA, one of the princesses of Poland, possessed all the charms of beauty, and joined to all the virtues of her sex a manly and heroic intrepidity. Her affability captivated every heart. Guided by prudence and justice, she reigned with glory, and her people rejoiced in their happiness.

As her fame was spread all over the regions of the north, Rithogar, prince of the Teutonians, sent ambassadors to demand her in marriage, and to declare war against her in case of a refusal. He imagined that the terrors of war would deter the princess from refusing his offers; but she

rejected his offers, and despised his menaces. She preferred war; and, having animated her troops with the same courage she herself possessed, she gained a complete victory, without fighting a battle.

At the head of her army she harangued that of Rithogar with such eloquence, that all the chiefs of the enemy, enchanted with her person and address, refused to fight against her. Rithogar, transported with love, shame, and despair, drew his sword, and killed himself. Vanda returned in triumph to her capital, where she and her subjects equally shared the blessings of peace.



## An Impartial Review of New Publications.

### ARTICLE I.

**CATO; or, An Essay on Old Age.** By Marcus Tullius Cicero. With Remarks. 8vo. 5s. Doddsley.

We agree with the translator of this treatise, that it is one of the most valuable pieces, of the moral kind, that have been transmitted to us from the ancients. The subject on which it turns comes home to every man's business and bosom; and the noble principles it inculcates are supported and enforced with all the advantages that elegance and genius can give to truth and sentiment. We have compared some part of the Latin with the English Cato, and find the latter freed from the fetters of a literal translation: it is elegant and nervous, and expressive of the great original.

To this "*aprem libellum*" are added remarks, which employ one half of the volume, and which by no means disgrace the preceding part of the work. The youthful reader will receive much pleasure and instruction from these remarks, as he will thereby become acquainted with several curious passages of the Roman history, and the doctrines and opinions of many of the greatest philosophers: while the aged reader will be reminded of those important truths which ought never to be forgotten.

II. *Miscellaneous and Fugitive Pieces.* 2 vols. 8vo. 7s. Davies.

We can readily excuse the compiler of these pieces for not making us acquainted with his motives for publishing them; but surely he ought to have informed his readers to what extent he intends to carry them: perhaps, he thought it prudent to leave this last point to be determined by the sale of what he now offers to the public. With respect to the pieces before us, they seem judiciously collected, and are such as we believe few curious readers will regret the purchase of. They are thirty-seven in number, and among them are, the Political State of Great Britain, Memoirs of the King of Prussia, the lives of some illustrious men, the Preface to Dr. Johnson's folio Dictionary, Introduction to the World displayed, Prologues, &c. &c.

III. *An Essay in Favour of such public Remedies as are usually distinguished by the Name of Quack Medicines. Wherein the Objections hitherto made against them are fully answered, and their Virtues set forth in a proper Light.* By a Country Gentleman, formerly a Practitioner in the Science of Physic. 8vo. 1s. Crowder.

Jan. 1774.

When we first viewed this pamphlet, we expected to find either the reverse of what the title expresses, or that it was published with an interested view, to recommend some particular nostrum: we were, however, agreeably disappointed in finding it of a different stamp, which induced us to read the whole of it with care and attention.

The author, after justly observing, that "from the cradle to the grave we are the subjects of disease, and our lives are a series of misery and pain," enquires into the grounds of the opposition made by regular physicians to what he calls public medicines, and what the generality of people stigmatise with the name of quack. He attributes this opposition solely to interested motives, and argues very coolly and candidly on the subject.

"In vain (says he) do we attempt to render the earth more fertile — in vain do we labour to extend our commerce — the charms of poetry are wholly useless, and even music's self has no power to please — if, with all these blessings, we still are languishing on the bed of sickness. Even all that gold could procure us would be tasteless and insipid, had we not health to enjoy what we possess." The enjoyment of the blessings of health, this writer asserts, is in the power of public medicines to procure us; and mentions many cures performed by *old women*, assisted by well-known medicines and salves, after all the art of the faculty had been in vain exhausted.

If what he advances with respect to Mr. Pierce's styptic medicine be true, (and it is not in our power to dispute it) we think the treatment it met with was ungenerous and illiberal; but what he afterwards urges in favour of public medicines for the cure of too popular a disorder, we could wish, for many reasons, had been omitted.

Though this writer, in the beginning of his pamphlet, professes his intentions of writing seriously on a matter of so much importance, yet he has given us many strokes of humour. We shall leave our readers to judge of this from his observations on the utility of newspapers, which we have copied in the preceding part of this number of our Magazine.

After speaking thus much on the favourable side of this pamphlet, the author will excuse us if we make one observation, of which we hoped he would have saved us the trouble. It is well known, that as soon as any public medicine has gained credit with the public, it is presently counterfeited by people,



people, who, not contented with moderate profits, sell any thing in imitation of it, made up with the worst of drugs, and frequently very different ones introduced from those of which the genuine medicine is composed. These are dispersed among those who know not the true from the false, and the most fatal consequences frequently follow. This is not the only objection we have to make to this publication; but, as we are obliged to cut matters short, we shall only observe, that we hope, in the next edition, the author will precisely inform us how we may avoid, on the one hand, the extravagant expences of a physician; and, on the other, the danger of counterfeit quack medicines.

The author concludes this pamphlet with a poem, at the opening of which the physician is represented as in conversation with the vicar of his parish, who seems desirous of making his son a doctor, and lays down a plan of education for that purpose, proceeding gradually from the grammar school, through the many studies of Latin, French and Greek, and thence to the universities of this and other countries; after which his studies are to be completed by attending lectures, hospitals, &c. &c. — The physician here interrupts him thus:

— — — Hold! hold! my friend,  
Tom of his studies ne'er will see an end!  
Why, at the rate you mean to go about,  
Two thousand pounds will hardly bear you out:

But cease this rant—I'll put you in a way,  
A hundred shall the whole expence defray.

I am retir'd from business, therefore safe,  
And how I've humm'd the world, I now may laugh:

I know nor Greek nor Latin, and have read  
Ev'n English authors very few, indeed!

'Tis not by learning we physicians rise,  
By other arts we catch the people's eyes;  
The force of mere abilities is small,

'Tis front, appearance, and address, is all.  
Some, who for learning bore such high repute,  
Starve in obscurity, and walk on foot;  
But he who has a front, address, and wig,  
Rides in his coach, his fame and fortune big.

Men in all arts with some things cheat  
our eyes,

And every trade has got its mysteries;  
Ours too is cloath'd with like mysterious air,  
(For ev'n the trade of phycic cheats its share.)

'Thus I am call'd, for instance, to a case:  
I go in all the forms of dress and face;  
Enquire the symptoms—patient's pulse I feel.  
"You understand the case."—"Extremely well."

For if but in the least you seem to doubt,  
"The doctor knows not what he is about."  
With pen and ink my ready hand I arm,  
And order what will do nor good nor harm.  
If Nature can her part successful play,  
'Tis I with all the honour run away;

But if the sick grows worse and worse, or dies,

A thousand reasons instantly will rise—  
Caught cold—the fault at nurse's threshold lies!

I paint a patient bad as e'er I can,  
"The case is desp'rate—he's a dying man."  
Then if he dies—"Why he's a prophet sure!"

But if he lives—"God bless me!—what a cure!"

The friends, perhaps, are anxious to be told  
What's his disorder—that I can't unfold;  
Yet put 'em off with some hard mystic name,  
It goes down!—right or wrong, 'tis all the same!

IV. *Cursory Reflections on the single Combat, or modern Duel. Addressed to Gentlemen in every Class of Life.* 4to. 1s. Baldwin.

The writer of this pamphlet appears to have taken up the pen merely from motives of benevolence and humanity. The frequency of duels, of which we have now so many fatal instances, is no compliment to the manners of the present times: the man who sits down with a view to expose, and, if possible, to prevent them, whatever his success may be, at least merits the warmest wishes of his countrymen.

The writer of these reflections seems carefully to have considered his subject; for, not contented with offering his own opinion on the savage custom of duelling, he seems to have read the most celebrated pieces for and against it. He combats that giant, Custom, with the weapons of justice, prudence, and humanity; and, after forcing us to perceive the power of his arguments, by appealing to the tender and private feelings of every gentleman, whether parent, husband, friend, he concludes with proposing a remedy for the evil he complains of.

V. *The Fashionable Daught'er. Being a Narrative of true and recent Facts. By an impartial Hand.* 12mo. 2s. 6d. Donville.

This single volume contains as much as we generally meet with in two of this kind, and yet it is very legibly printed. The subject is disappointed love, and the dart is levelled at an inconstant fair one, and an avaricious parent. The editor assures us, that in order to kindle hatred in every generous breast against perfidy and dissimulation, and to draw the friendly as well as sympathetic tear to injured merit and persecuted ability, was the sole intention of this publication.

The language is plain and familiar, the incidents natural, and the reflections thereon, though frequently dry and tedious, are in general sensible and judicious.

VI. *A Letter from a Father to his Daught'er at a Boarding-School.* 8vo. 2s. Robinson.



We are told by the editor of this little volume, that it is really what the title-page declares it to be, and that it was written some years since in separate letters, but is now methodized for the use of the rest of the author's children. It is of little consequence whether that be really the case or not, since the performance is valuable in its kind. The language is plain, natural, and familiar, and the sentiments are such as convince us that the writer is equal to the undertaking. Our readers will be enabled, from the following extract, to judge of it themselves.

"Pleasure is a most seducing thing: it is the idol which all the world worship; therefore be greatly on your guard against it, and stifle a growing inclination to it. It tempts us in a thousand different shapes; and, without daily exercising a resolute self-denial, it will steal upon us by one avenue or other. When the mind is early tainted with the love of pleasure, and that again is strengthened by habit, it will be hard, if not impossible, to recover one in such a state to a sense and relish of what is rational, serious, and of great concern. However happy they may appear, in the full swing of enjoyment, who have made pleasure the chief object of their pursuit, miserable must their condition be when deprived of the means, the opportunities, or the capacity of enjoying it. Upon a fair review they will find little, during the course of a long life, that can yield them any solid ground of comfort, or self-approbation, than which there cannot be a more melancholy reflexion. What comfort, indeed, can arise from the recollection of days, and nights, and years, consumed in a perpetual succession of toilsome and unprofitable amusements, which, though always eagerly desired, could never satisfy? Higher views and employments than these become a being formed for immortality. May you ever be preserved from the baleful contagion of pleasure!"

VII. *La Belle Philosophe; or, The Fair Philosopher.* 2 vols. 12mo. 5s. Lowndes.

These two volumes are of the epistolary kind, and contain many great names, such as the Hon. Miss Howard, Lord Ashford, the Right Hon. Lady Carleton, &c. &c. Though we can by no means consider these letters as a first-rate performance, yet we see nothing in them of any dangerous tendency; and it is probable the generality of the fair will peruse them with pleasure.

VIII. *The Circuit of Human Life: A Vision. In which are allegorically described the Virtues and Vices. Taken from the Tablet of Cebes, a Disciple of Socrates.* 1s. Carnan.

That celebrated little work of the Theban philosopher, which bears the title of *Cebes's Tablets*, is well known to the learned. On

the same plan, we are here presented with the Circuit of Human Life, in which the writer has pointed out the various Difficulties and Dangers that constantly haunt the paths, through which every youth must pass in his journey to the Temple of Happiness. When we peruse works evidently calculated to inspire the rising generation with the love of virtue and honour, we with pleasure lay aside the severe pen of criticism, and, making large allowances for the imperfections we may meet with, seek principally for subjects of applause. Though we could wish the writer had not been so sparing of moral reflections, for which his subject seems to afford ample opportunities, yet we shall not hesitate to pronounce this little volume a very proper present to young ladies and gentlemen at this or any other season of the year.

IX. *Ode, inscribed to the Right Hon. the Earl of Northampton.* 4to. 1s. Robinson.

This poem, as it may be expected, is a panegyric on the nobleman to whom it is inscribed; and the poet is no less lavish in recording the achievements of the dead, than in bestowing his encomiums on the living. We doubt not but it will be read with pleasure in the Northampton family; but we do not think it of consequence enough to claim the attention of the public. The following lines will serve as a specimen of the poet's abilities.

And say, young hero of my song!  
Say, whilst thine ancestry we trace,  
To whom do fairer deeds belong,  
Than gild the records of thy race?  
Call from their shades the warlike dead,  
In Virtue's cause who greatly bled—  
In Virtue's cause who nobler toils sustain'd?  
Call the distinguish'd sons of Peace,  
Who bade despotic Faction cease—  
Who more the threats of Tyranny disdain'd?

The following stanza contains good morality and wholesome advice; and when we consider how prevalent the love of virtue is at present among our nobility, we doubt not but it will be properly attended to.

Nor less should they our ardour fire,  
Whose bosoms glow with purer flames,  
Who, spurning earth's low cares, aspire  
On angel wings to heavenly aims;  
Conquests may blazon, titles grace,  
Distinction, honours, riches, place,  
May challenge man's imperfect, airy praise:  
Religion only can impart  
Unfading grandeur to the heart,  
And to his kindred skies the hero raise.

We wish the author success, and hope he had better views in publishing this Ode than that of merely the advantage arising from the public sale of it, though we are far from thinking it wholly destitute of merit.



X. *Considerations on certain political Transactions of the Province of South Carolina: Containing a View of the Colony Legislatures, under the Description of that of Carolina in particular. With Observations, shewing their Resemblance to the British Model.* 8vo. 1s. 6d. Cadell.

In the first page of this pamphlet, the writer of it very justly observes, that "overheated zeal never helps a bad cause, and seldom serves a good one." — "The best proof of my candour (says he in the next page) is to avow my connections with the crown; that I am a downright placeman; have been so for near twenty years, and that I owe more to the royal favour, than any merit I can justly claim. And now, methinks, I may fairly be allowed to say, according to the maxims of the times, that I have given a most disgusting figure of myself." This writer here appears to have made a candid and generous confession: candid, because he declares his connections; and generous, because he puts the reader on his guard, while perusing this pamphlet, by telling him it is the production of a placeman.

This writer afterwards tells us, that the first commencement of Carolina politics is dated from the introduction of the stamp-act into the British colonies; and "this was followed (says our author) by a second effort of the assembly, which, for its vast reach, profound depth, and uncommon boldness, challenges the first rank in the annals of modern history." This was the Lower Assembly passing an order for transmitting to the Bill of Rights 1500l. Sterling, without the consent of the Upper House; and to this the writer attributes the cause of the unhappy difference at present subsisting between the colonies and the mother country.

The writer informs us, in page 29, that he has "been told, that those who adopted the measure, and decline the defence of it; who frankly own, in their private situations, that nothing of the like kind will be done in future; who very unreservedly admit it was an hasty business, and that they heartily repent it; are of sentiments expressly opposite to these declarations in their public stations, and with the utmost vehemence declare, that they will never give up the point, or pass a tax-act, while the royal instruction stands as an obstacle in the way."

The instruction here alluded to was dated in England, April, 1770. and delivered to the governor of Carolina in the August following. This was occasioned by the grant made to the Bill of Rights by the Assembly, and forbids the Governor to give his assent to any bill that shall be passed by the Lower House of Assembly, relating to mo-

nied matters, unless a clause is annexed, expressing, that the money there voted shall be applied to no other purposes than those for which it is granted, unless by the consent of both Houses. As this instruction has not been regarded by the Lower House, the several tax-bills from August, 1770, to the present time, have constantly been rejected by the Upper House. Thus the dispute lies between the king and the delegates of the people, and the question now is simply this, Whether the king is to recal or vacate his instruction, or the people to submit to a check for an "unconstitutional" application of the public treasure?

With respect to the grant made to the Bill of Rights, "the money has been voted and spent, (says our author) and the society which received it is now no more. The Great Charter, the Bill of Rights, the Habeas Corpus act, and the Constitution itself, are left to the wide world to fight their own battles, and maintain their own ground. The supporters have now given way, and their strength is as exhausted as their purse!"

Towards the conclusion of this pamphlet, the writer earnestly wishes the colonists to see their happiness in that very dependence on the mother country, which is their best security against foreign and domestic foes; at the same time he as sincerely wishes, that the British rule over these distant and valuable territories may be always mild, temperate, and just.

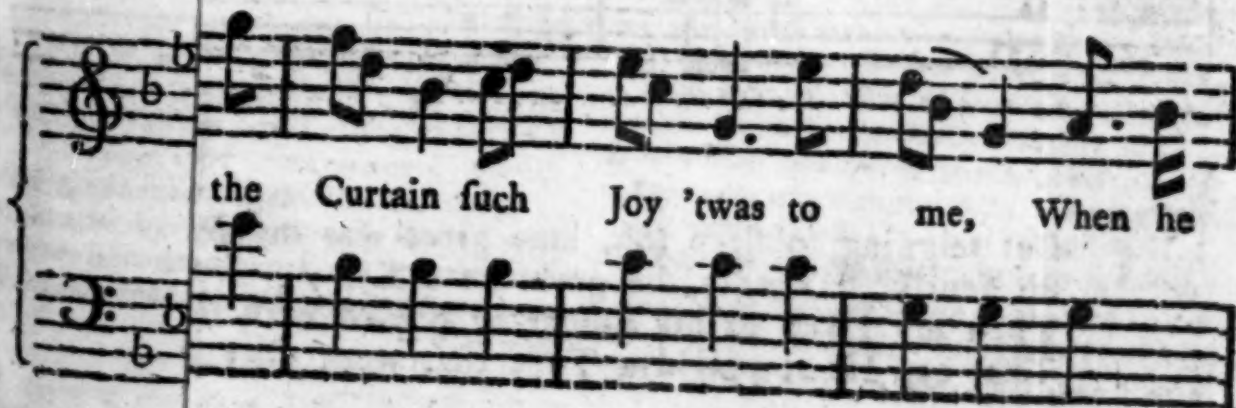
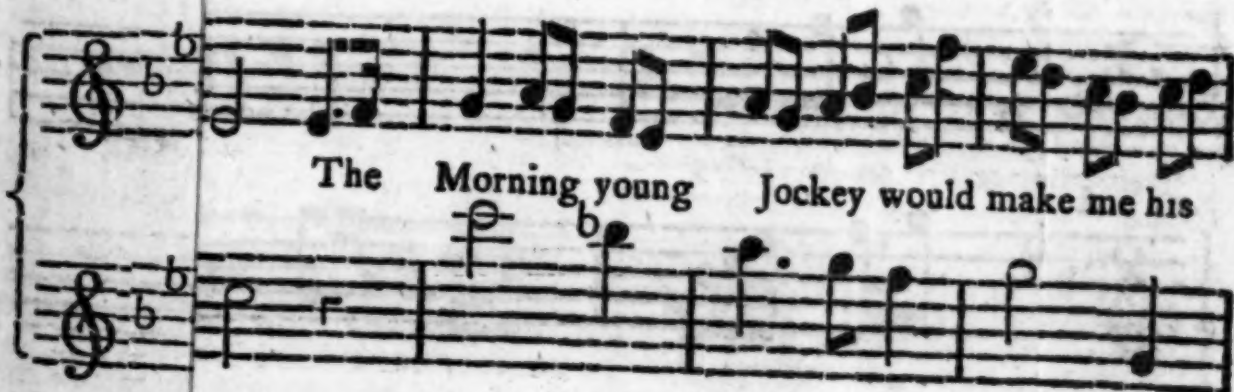
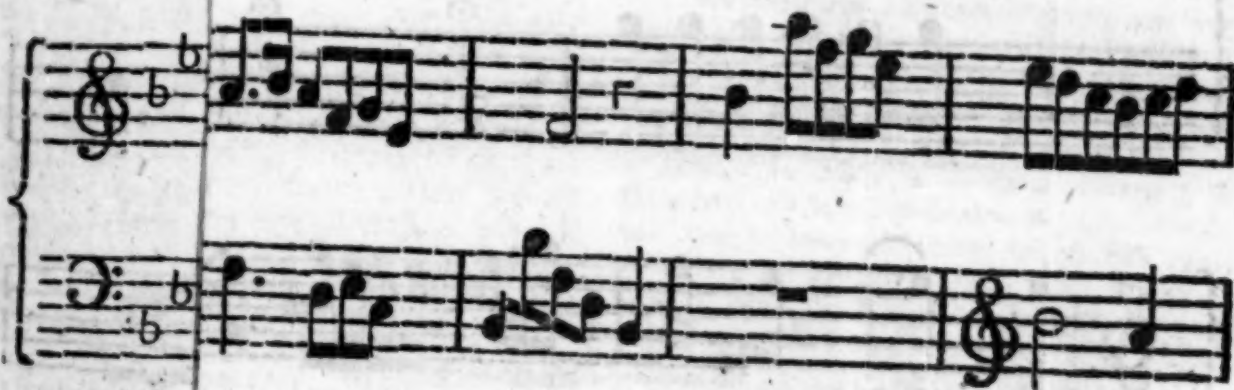
The principal end of this publication is to prove the right of the council to be considered as the Upper House, invested with a power resembling that of the lords of Great Britain. Upon the whole, we cannot but consider these considerations as the production of some masterly writer, who is well acquainted with American affairs, and who seems in general to have treated his subject in a cool and considerate manner. However, human abilities are fallible, and we have here an instance, that the man who writes on one side of the question only, how great soever may be his philosophy, his abilities, his judgment, and his resolution to be candid and impartial, he will at times, in spite of himself, insensibly wander into the paths of Prejudice.

XI. *The History of Lord Stanton. A Novel.* By a Gentleman of the Middle Temple, Author of the Trial; or History of Charles Horton. 4 vols. 12mo. 10s. Vernor.

These four volumes, when nicely bound in calf, and elegantly gilt and lettered, we shall venture to pronounce, will make a very pretty appearance in many a young lady's library.



## HSELL at VAUXHALL.



open'd.



Jan.

# PITY -

Set by Mr. MICHAEL ARNE, and sung

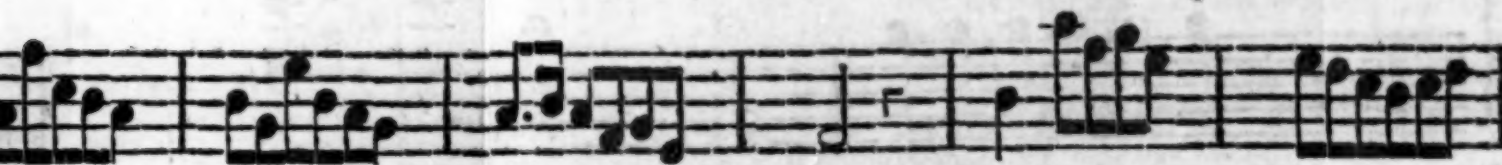
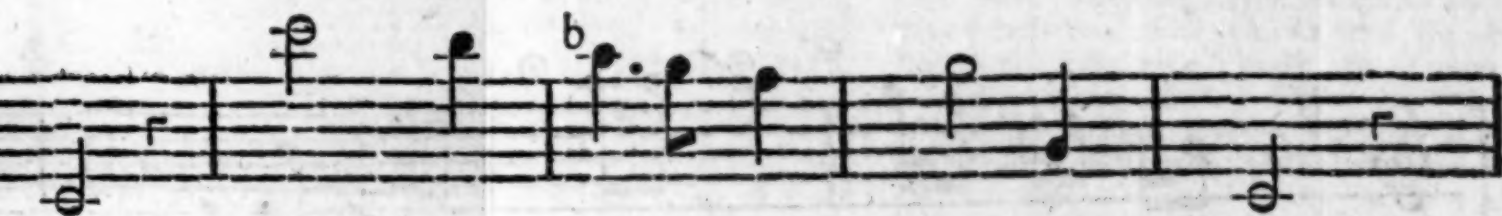
Bride, He stole to my Chamber and sat by my Side;

POETIC



## - P A T T Y.

ing by Mrs. WEICHSELL at VAUXHALL.



The Morning young Jockey would make me his



Side; When he open'd the Curtain such Joy 'twas to me, When he



open'd



## SONG



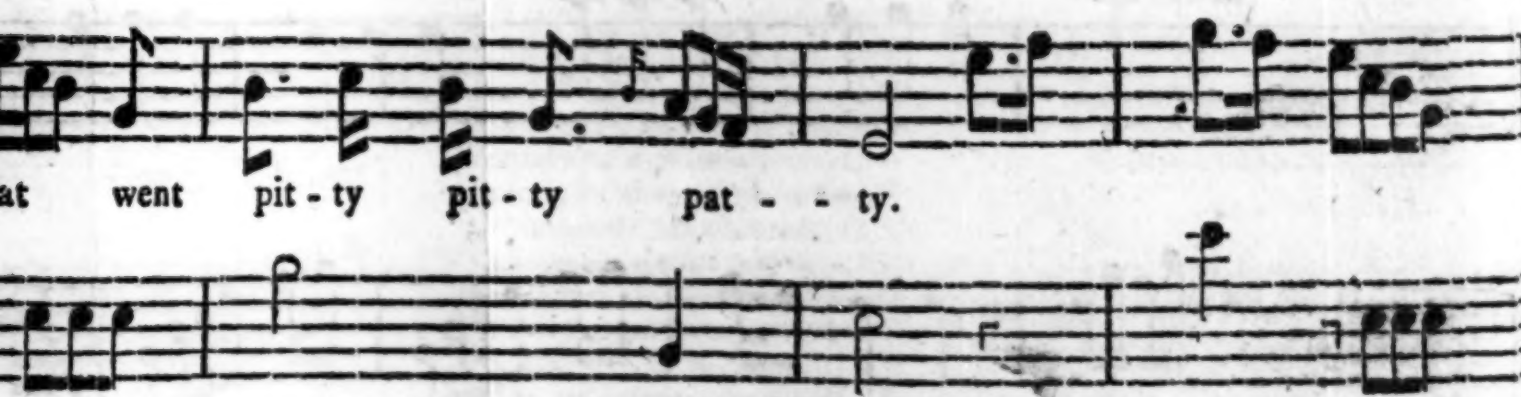
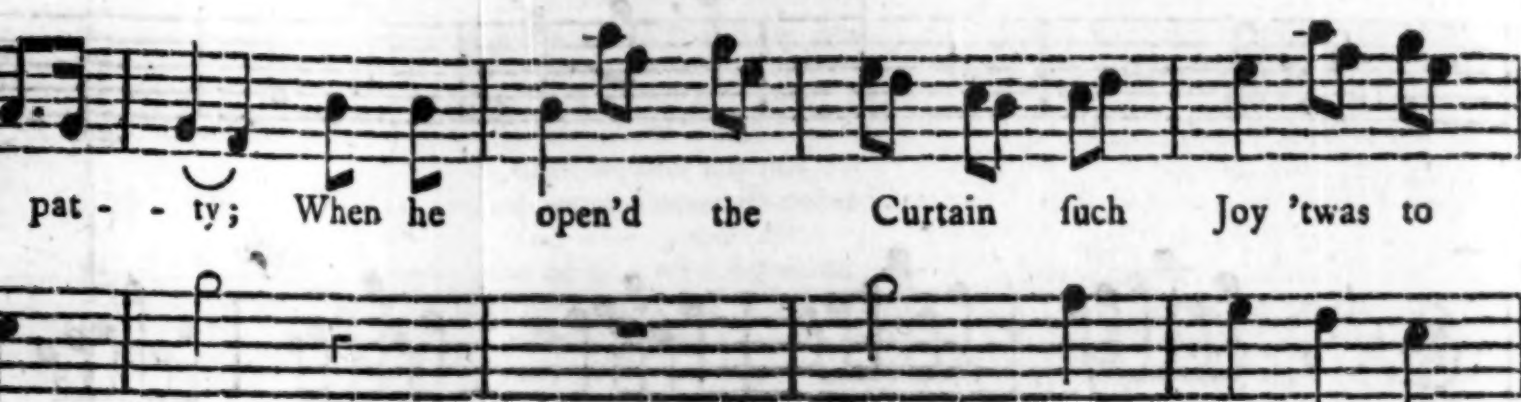
## II.

But feigning to sleep (oh, how great was my Bliss!)  
 So gently, so kindly, he gave me a Kiss;  
 Then my Hand to his Bosom he press'd with such Glee,  
 That my Heart play'd a Tune that went pitty-patty.





G continued.



III.

Grown bold with Success, he ventur'd to take  
A second Salute—then 'twas Time to awake.  
Arise, Love, he said, to the Kirk let us flee,  
As our Hearts play a Tune that goes pitty patty,

For  
IMIT  
En v  
DE  
L ren  
Tou  
Le seul  
Auster a  
Dégouta  
De se  
De ses c  
Sa ba  
Son f  
Sont obl  
Quand il  
Il se fai  
Toujour  
Dont la  
On ne  
Parto  
La m  
Iris,  
Dans  
Et qu  
Elle con  
Pour  
Aussi  
Le triste  
Ses vœu  
Malig  
Jupin d  
De con  
Convoq  
Et, dès  
Le souv  
En vray  
Leur  
Ja ne  
Gran  
Je n'a  
Déborde  
Courez,  
Rom  
Il n'e  
Chac  
Vole sa  
La li  
Dont le  
Dans



Tune, That my Heart play'd a Tune, That my

open'd the Curtain such Joy 'twas to

- ty pat - - ty.

### III.

With Success, he ventur'd to take  
 Salute—then 'twas Time to awake.  
 He said, to the Kirk let us flee,  
 Let us play a Tune that goes pitty patty,



## POETICAL ESSAYS.

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

IMITATION des METAMORPHOSES  
D'OVIDE.

En vers libres, héroïques, &amp; burlesques.

(Continued from our last.)

## DESCRIPTION DU DELUGE.

Proetus Æolus, &amp;c. v. 262.

L'enferme, aussitôt, à sa seule parole,  
 Tous les vents froids dans les antres  
 d'Eole;  
 Le seul Auster est mis en liberté,  
 Auster accourt, avec agilité,  
 Dégoutant l'eau de ses humides ailes,  
 De son sein, et de ses aisselles,  
 De ses cheveux, enfin, de toutes parts;  
 Sa barbe soutient les brouillards,  
 Son front, son nez, et son visage,  
 Sont obscurcis par un épais nuage :  
 Quand il le presse, au loin, en étendant ses bras,  
 Il se fait dans les airs un horrible fracas,  
 Toujours suivi d'une nouvelle ondée,  
 Dont la terre, en tous lieux, est fort incom-  
 modée :  
 On ne voit partout que ruisseaux,  
 Partout l'on suspend les travaux,  
 La messagère bigarrée,  
 Iris, fait aussi l'afférée :  
 Dans son sein humide et profond,  
 Et qui forme un curieux rond,  
 Elle conçoit les eaux, et fait mille messages,  
 Pour en remplir tous les nuages,  
 Aussitôt qu'ils sont épuisés :  
 Le triste laboureur voit, en une journée,  
 Ses vœux évanouis, la perte d'une année.  
 Malgré tous ces fâcheux dégats,  
 Jupon des eaux du ciel ne se contente pas ;  
 De concert avec lui, Neptune, un des ses  
 frères,  
 Convoque, en même temps, les fleuves et  
 rivières :  
 Et, dès qu'ils sont entrés dans son appartement,  
 Le souverain du liquide élément,  
 En vray tyran de l'empire aquatique,  
 Leur fait ce discours laconique :  
 Je ne veux point me fatiguer,  
 Grands Fleuves, pour vous haranguer ;  
 Je n'ai que trois mots à vous dire :  
 Débordez vous dans le terrestre empire :  
 Courez, roulez vos flots, comme des vagabonds,  
 Rompez vos digues et vos ponts.  
 Il n'en salut pas davantage,  
 Chacun d'eux, transporté de rage,  
 Vole à la source aussi prompt que le vent,  
 La lâche et devient un torrent,  
 Dont le cours effréné soudain les précipite  
 Dans le vaste sein d'Amphitrite :

Neptune prend aussitôt son trident,  
 Frappe la terre, et, s'entrouvant,  
 Elle fait un passage à l'onde,  
 Du centre aux quatre coins du monde.  
 Bientôt les prés, les champs, sont partout in-  
 ondes,  
 Bientôt les fleuves débordés,  
 Loin de leur lit, de leur rivage,  
 Entraînent avec eux, dans leur aveugle rage,  
 Les arbres et les arbrisseaux,  
 Les hommes et les animaux,  
 Les temples, et des dieux les images sacrées,  
 Qui jusqu'alors on avoit adorés.  
 Si quelques palais bien bâtis  
 Ne sont pas encor demolis,  
 Leur fait est couvert d'eau, les tours les plus  
 sublimes  
 Se cachent, à la fin, sous les mêmes abîmes,  
 Sans avoir fait beaucoup d'efforts,  
 Déjà la mer a franchi tous ses bords,  
 Et, ne trouvant plus de barrière,  
 Est confondue avec la terre :  
 Saïsi du plus mortel effroy,  
 Chacun, alors, ne pense plus qu'à soy :  
 L'un s'empare d'une colline,  
 Pour s'y sauver ainsi qu'il s'imagine,  
 Un autre rame au dessus des terrains  
 Couverts auparavant d'épis et de raisins.  
 Damon, perdant la tramontane,  
 Vogue au-dessus de sa propre cabane,  
 Ou de tout autre bâtiment  
 Caché sous l'aquieux élément,  
 Qui n'ont plus rien de leur première forme,  
 Tyrels prend un poisson sur la cime d'un orme.  
 S'il jette l'ancre, elle s'attache au pré,  
 Ou bien au champ qu'il avoit labouré.  
 Ici, la lamproye ou l'anguille,  
 Avec le serpent se tortille ;  
 Là les monstres marins errent sur les coteaux,  
 Où quelque temps avant bondissoient les  
 troupeaux.  
 Les filles de Doris, pâles, déconcertées,  
 Paroissent tout épouvantées,  
 De voir sous l'eau, pour la première fois,  
 Les villes, les palais, les maisons, et les bois.  
 Pouffés dans les forêts les dauphins, les ba-  
 leines  
 Ebranlent les haut pins, les ormes, et les  
 chênes.  
 La mer emporte et tygres et lions,  
 On voit le loup nager au milieu des moutons :  
 Le féroce sanglier, et les lièvres agiles,  
 Font tous, pour se sauver, des efforts inutiles ;  
 L'oiseau même frustré du plus foible rameau,  
 Fatigué de voler, se plonge au fond de l'eau.  
 La mer, en cette petulance,  
 Avoit couvert toute éminence,  
 La cime des monts les plus hauts  
 Souffroit aussi le choc de nouveaux flots ;

Déjà



Dejà plus des trois quarts du monde  
 Etoit enseveli dans l'onde,  
 Et ceux, qui n'avoient pas essayé ce destin,  
 N'avoient pu, si long temps, résister à la faim.

NIVET DESBRIERES,  
*Bachelier en droit de l'Université  
 d'Orléans.*

(To be continued.)

# ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR.

By WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, Esq.

POET LAUREAT.

Set to Music by Dr. BOYCE,  
*Master of the King's Band of Musicians.*

"PASS but a few short fleeting years,"  
 Imperial Xerxes sigh'd, and said,  
 Whilst his fond eyes, suffus'd with tears,  
 His numerous hosts survey'd;  
 "Pass but a few short fleeting years,  
 And all that pomp which now appears,  
 A glorious, living scene,  
 Shall breathe its last — shall fall, shall die,  
 And low in earth yon myriads lie,  
 As they had never been!"

True, tyrant! wherefore then does pride,  
 And vain ambition, urge thy mind,  
 To spread thy needful conquests wide,  
 And desolate mankind?

Say, why do millions bleed at thy com-  
 mand?

If life, alas! is short, why shake the hasty sand?

Not so do Britain's kings behold  
 Their floating bulwarks of the main  
 Their undulating sails unfold,  
 And gather all the wind's aerial reign.  
 Myriads they see, prepar'd to brave  
 The loudest storm, the wildest wave;  
 To hurl just thunders on insulting foes;  
 To guard, and not invade, the world's re-  
 pose.

Myriads they see, their country's dear de-  
 light,  
 Their country's dear defence, and glory in  
 the fight!

Nor do they idly drop a tear  
 On fated Nature's future bier;  
 For not the grave can damp Britannia's fires;  
 Tho' chang'd the men, the worth is still  
 the same;  
 The sons will emulate the fires,  
 And the sons sons will catch the glorious  
 flame!

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

STANZAS to Miss ———, Suffex.

I.

WHEN gentle Petrarch, in fair Clauia's  
 vale,  
 Of Laura deck'd the mournful bier,  
 Responsive to his woes soft sigh'd each gale,  
 And wood-nymphs dropt the pitying tear,

II.

Hush'd were the tuneful birds on ev'ry spray,  
 E'en Philomel forgot her song,  
 (Charm'd with the cadence of his melting lay)  
 The sweetest of the feather'd throng.

III.

Around the bard, with tender streaming eyes,  
 Italia's softest daughters came;  
 Each bosom heav'd with sympathetic sighs,  
 For all confest the purest flame.

IV.

When, O, begone! he cry'd; your plaints  
 foregoe!

And let me every sorrow prove,  
 Whilst pensively I muse my heart-felt woe,  
 And feel the pangs of hapless love.

V.

Leave me to weep, ah! leave me to deplore  
 My Laura in the clay-cold tomb!  
 Nought can her beauty, or my peace restore,  
 Nor ought revoke Fate's heavy doom.

VI.

But had the nymphs, in that sad mournful  
 hour,  
 Been blest with thy enchanting air,  
 Thy blooming features, thy persuasive pow'r,  
 From Clauia's grove had fled Despair.

VII.

The sweet-impassion'd line—the tender strain,  
 Would ne'er have grac'd fair Laura's herse,  
 Nor forest hoar, nor flow'r-besprinkled plain,  
 Have echo'd with his love-lorn verse.

A. B.

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

## IMITATION

OF ODE NINETEEN OF HORACE,

Beginning — *Musis Amicus, &c.*

TO THE MUSE,

Intreating of her to sing the Praises of Pollia

By Capt. THOMPSON.

MY Muse, my friend, who doth my joy  
 sustain;  
 My griefs I give unto the wanton gales,  
 My cares shall rushing ebb into the main,  
 And dwell with tars who furl the anxious  
 sails.

With thee, sweet mistress of my musing soul,  
 I pass my time from arms and tempests  
 free:

Let BANKS explore unto the southern pole,  
 And such as gallant P— command at sea!

O heavenly MUSE, that wings my peaceful  
 hours,

And grants the poet's most excentric vow;  
 Cull in my garden the most fragrant flow'rs,  
 And weave a chaplet for my POLLIA's  
 brow!

I ge



I get no honours when I try to sing,  
Unless, by lovelier thee, sweet dame! in-  
spir'd: [string!  
Begin the song! and touch the trembling  
The world must praise what by the world's  
admir'd.

Ye sisters Nine of Aganippe's stream,  
Who stoop to sister angels wise and fair,  
Assist your poet in his pleasing theme,  
For POLLIA merits all the MUSES care.

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

## THE SEASONS.

AN ODE.

WHEN heaps congeal'd of dazzling  
snow

Oppress the mountain's ermin'd brow;  
When loudly-blust'ring winds arise,  
And hoarsely-hurling sweep the skies;  
When frozen billows cease to roar,  
Fast cleaving to the blasted shore;  
Then from abroad, my friend, retire,  
And jovial croud the high-pil'd fire:  
Your chilling soul with goblets cheer  
Of rosy wine, or frothy beer.  
Or drive the tedious time away,  
With blissful sport and harmless play.  
Let no vain cares torment your breast,  
But drink, and leave to heaven the rest;  
For soon th' auspicious Power above  
The gloomy prospect will remove:  
'Tis he, whose nod imperious binds  
The fury of the raging winds.  
At his command the storms arise,  
He speaks — again the tempest dies:  
Unruffled flows the limpid flood,  
Unshaken stands the leafy wood.

When Spring descends in teemful show'rs,  
To paint the fields with blooming flow'rs;  
When birds renew their chirping lays,  
Perch'd on the green prolific sprays,  
Then joys more pleasing you will prove,  
The joys of bliss imparting love:  
Then o'er the turf-invested plains,  
With sportful nymphs and tripping swains,  
Invited by the sounding lyre,  
You'll lead the joy-enraptur'd choir.

When Summer, veil'd in tepid gales,  
Advancing o'er the Spring prevails;  
When shepherds drive their fainting flocks  
Beneath the rugged rough-bent rocks;  
When Phœbus darts his sultry beams,  
Then plunge amidst the cooling streams;  
Till rising brisk, alert and gay,  
You bound to tufted groves away,  
Where on soft beds of roses laid,  
Beneath an oak's extended shade,  
Shelter'd from Phœbus' burning rays,  
You meditate your sylvan lays;  
And while the gently-cooling breeze  
Soft whispers thro' the gloomy trees,

You mark the daisy-border'd rills,  
The mazy vales, the wood-crown'd hills,  
And all the beauties of the grove,  
Unbounded scene of joy and love!  
Happy, if with some lovely fair  
You can these rural beauties share:  
Content shall crown the circling hours,  
And ev'ry love-sprung bliss be yours.

When Ceres scattering gifts around,  
And Bacchus with perfection crown'd,  
Auspicious pair! conjoin'd appear,  
Eager to bless th' autumnal year,  
Inviting the laborious swains  
To reap rich blessings from the plains;  
As soon as the shrill-sounding horn  
Proclaims the rosy-finger'd morn,  
Rouse all the eager hunting crew,  
Thro' hills and dales the chace pursue,  
Seeking the branching stag to rear  
With rapid steeds and pointed spear:  
While the swift hounds their courses take,  
And bleeding tear the spiny brake;  
Till the proud beast tir'd heaves for breath,  
And pants and dreads devouring death.  
Then, when the Sun declining bends,  
And Night her shady veil extends,  
When huntsmen, spent with toil and heat,  
From the long-beaten plain retreat:  
Let copious bowls of luscious wine,  
New-press'd, each grosser sense refine;  
Or, where the vines their tendrils shoot,  
Crop the profuse inviting fruit:  
And, while you drain fair Autumn's store,  
Grateful rebound Pomona's pow'r;  
Till Winter's hoary blasts again  
Invert the year, and 'whelm the plain.

As round the sun the planets roll,  
And shine alternate on the pole,  
Thus each revolving season's found  
With various beauties mutual crown'd:  
The Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring,  
Unnumber'd joys alternate bring;  
On pleasures still new pleasures roll,  
And charm each guilt-untainted soul.

While free, my friend, from baneful strife,  
You lead a peaceful rural life,  
Avoid the cares which honours bring,  
And scorn Ambition's soaring wing:  
In calm content, serenely great,  
Laugh at the gaudy pomp of state;  
Resign'd to heav'n's auspicious pow'r,  
Enjoy the present golden hour:  
Think often grateful on the past,  
And neither wish nor dread the last.

## PROLOGUE

To the new Tragedy of  
KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

Written and spoken by the Author.

LONG time oppress'd with painful doubts  
and fears,  
At length the dread decisive hour appears;

The



The awful trial comes! and here I stand,  
T' abide the verdict of my native land.  
Will not the judge himself for favour plead,  
When the poor trembling culprit owns the deed;

When in false arts he scorns to seek support,  
But throws him on the mercy of the court?

Such is my state, whom wild ambition  
draws

To stand the judgment of dramatic laws;  
Bold the attempt, (and, much I fear, in vain)  
That I the humblest in the Muses train,  
Should dare produce, in this nice-judging age,  
My own weak efforts on the dang'rous stage!

Had I the slightest touch of plaintive Rowe,  
Whose numbers long have bade your sorrows  
flow,

Your plaudits undismay'd I might implore,  
And Rosamond might plead, like hapless  
Shore:

But as it is, your kindness be my friend,  
For that alone I sue; to that I bend.

If by an artless tale, in artless strain,  
A mild and patient hearing I obtain,

And my poor labours o'er, behold ye part  
With unpain'd ear and undisgusted heart,

'Twere triumph and delight! but if the lays  
Deserve your censure, which aspir'd to praise,

Ev'n to your kindness will I not presume,  
Nor strive to deprecate my proper doom;

This sole indulgence let my fault procure—  
Mildly inflict, submissive I endure.

### EPILOGUE

TO THE SAME.

Written by GEORGE COLMAN, Esq.

Spoken by Miss Barfanti.

**G**REAT and fair ladies! lords gallant  
and mighty!

Behold a female—fresh from Otaheite.

Stretch to the southern ocean your idea,  
And view in me the Princess Oberea.

Full three long hours I've sat, with smother'd rage,

To hear the nonsense of your tragic stage;

To see a queen majestically swagger,

A bowl in this hand, and in that a dagger;

To stab or poison (cruel inclination!)

A maid who gave a husband consolation.

Ah, ladies! no such queen at Otaheite:

Love there has roses—without thorns to  
fright ye;

Frolic our days, and, to complete our joy,

A Coterie's form'd—'tis call'd the Arreoy!

Where love is free and general as the air,

And ev'ry beau gallants with ev'ry fair;

No ceremonies bind—no rule controuls,

But love, the only tyrant of our souls!

But pleasure's foreign to these northern  
climates,

And love, I hear, unknown in these dull times!

Never was maiden in these days caught tripping,

Never was wife on pleasure's ice found slipping;  
True to their lords, to gallantry ne'er prone,  
Divorces are so rare, the name's scarce known.

Yet, in our southern air—at least I'm told,  
Nor French nor Englishmen were quite so  
cold;

And, if your poet of to-night says true,  
Love formerly warm'd British ladies too;

And ladies of old times perhaps might plead,  
That modern ladies are the self-same breed.

There is a place, I'm told, call'd Doctors  
Commons, [summons,

Whence husbands issue to false waves dread  
For each pretends—an all-sufficient elf!

To keep a lady to his precious self.

Yet man, proud man, from Oberea know,

That female follies on your follies grow;

And all your hopes of constancy are vain,

If marriage binds not in a mutual chain.

If in cold sheets you leave poor Nell to sleep,

And some fair Rose in Covent-Garden keep,

Think of the ills that wait domestic strife,

The heaviest care of all the cares of life—

A tempting mistress, and an angry wife!

For you, ye fair, whom conscious virtue  
arms,

And with her graces heightens beauty's charms,

Hear a frail sister on your pity call,

And save fair Rosamond a second FALL.

### A FRAGMENT FROM SAPPHO.

Written in the Person of a Lover sitting  
by his Mistress.

TO LESBIA.

**T**HRICE happy as the gods is he,  
Supremely blest in pleasing guile;

Enraptur'd hears thee softly speak

And sweetly smile.

"'Twas this depriv'd my soul o' rest,"

While gazing on thy charms I hung:

My voice with salt'ring accents dy'd

Upon my tongue.

While murmur'ring sounds dwell on my ears,

And dimming mists invade my eyes;

From vein to vein the subtle flame

Like light'ning flies.

Cold tremblings seiz'd my chilled limbs;

The feeble pulse forgot to play—

Breath, sense, and colour fail—I sunk

And dy'd away.

### ACROSTICAL EPIGRAM,

TO MISS CARR, OF ISLINGTON.

**C**ARE flies the brain when you are near,

And raptures fill the heart;

Raptures decay, and sullen care

Returns, when you depart.

THE

Jan



# THE MONTHLY CHRONOLOGER.

L O N D O N.

SATURDAY, JAN. 1, 1774.

**T**HIS day at noon was performed before their majesties and the royal family an ode, written by William Whitehead, Esq. poet-laureat, and set to music by Dr. Boyce, master of the king's band of musicians. (See this ode among our poetical essays.)

MONDAY 3.

The following account of Mr. Powell's journey to York is said to be given by himself.

"I set out from Hicks's-hall, London, on the 29th of November, 1773, about twenty minutes past twelve o'clock in the morning, for a wager of one hundred guineas, which I was to perform in six days, by going to York, and returning to the above place. I got to Stamford about nine o'clock in the evening of that day.

"November 30, set out from Stamford about five in the morning, and got to Doncaster about twelve at night.

"December 1, set out from Doncaster about five in the morning, and got to York at half past two in the afternoon. Departed from York about six the same afternoon, and got to Ferrybridge about ten that night.

"December 2, set out from Ferrybridge at five in the morning, and got to Grantham about twelve at night.

"December 3, set out from Grantham at six in the morning, and got to the Cock at Eton about eleven at night.

"December 4, set out from Eton, the sixth and last day, about four in the morning, and arrived at Hicks's-hall about half an hour past six in the evening."

TUESDAY 4.

This day a mate of a ship in the slave trade, and a surgeon of the same ship, were carried before the lord-mayor, charged with the murder of a white man and a black, on board the said ship, on the coast of Guinea. They were sent to the Marshalsea prison, in order to be further examined before the judge of the high court of Admiralty. They were taken at the Grenades, where they went under an examination, the minutes of which were sent over with them. Three witnesses appeared against them.

The same morning a fire broke out in the new wing of St. Bartholomew's hospital, supposed to proceed from the flues of the kitchen chimney, which has done considerable damage to the staircases. The patients

Jan 1774.

were all obliged to be removed, and it is supposed, that it will be a long time before the damage can be repaired.

SATURDAY 8.

This day came on a hearing in the court of Conscience at Guildhall, between five undertakers, plaintiffs, and a master butcher in the Fleet-market, defendant, relative to the defendant's having sent for the plaintiffs to remove the body of a gentleman deceased, which was to be carried to his friends, but that he (the butcher) had the ordering of the funeral, and therefore desired a shell might be brought to put him in, when the plaintiffs on coming found only a dead monkey. The defendant said little in his defence, and the court ordered him to pay the undertakers their bill immediately, which was 8s. besides costs. He desired leave to pay it at 4s. per month, which was agreed to.

Letters from Dublin mention, that Mr. Foote, a few nights ago, narrowly escaped being burnt in his bed. The accident happened from his falling asleep over a book he had been reading; and the candle, catching the curtains, set the room in a blaze. At that instant Mr. Jewel, who lay in the next chamber, hearing an uncommon noise, jumped up, and was just time enough to save Mr. Foote from perishing.

A few days ago, the master of a coffee-house in Soho, and several other persons, were invited to a feast at a tavern near Covent-Garden, and having drank pretty freely, he fell asleep, with his legs extended near the fire. After sitting in that posture some time, he was awakened by one of the company, in order to go home; but, when he attempted to get up, he could not move his legs, they being scorched in such a manner that the sinews were all contracted. He was however taken home, and died last Tuesday.

SUNDAY 9.

This night three custom-house officers went to an inn in Wood-street, saying they had information of run goods having been brought there; but, finding none, a riot ensued. The officers were secured, and sent to Wood-street compter, and yesterday were carried before the sitting alderman at Guildhall, who admitted them to bail, and the mistress of the inn was bound over to prosecute at the next adjournment of sessions at Guildhall. The opinion of the alderman was, that no custom-house officer has a right to enter any person's house within his jurisdiction without a proper city warrant.

H

W&D-



## WEDNESDAY 12.

This day the sessions began at the Old Bailey, when Will. Frankland was tried on the Black Act, for wilfully and maliciously firing a loaded pistol at justice Miller at Hammersmith. It appeared on his trial, that justice Miller had granted a warrant against two of Frankland's servants, for obstructing certain officers in executing a warrant of Distringas on the chattels of Mr. Frankland, whose defence was that of insanity, which, though not sufficient to acquit him of the charge, yet perhaps was the reason that induced the jury unanimously to recommend him to mercy.

## THURSDAY 12.

This day his majesty, attended by his grace the Duke of Ancaſter and the Earl of Pomfret, went in ſtate to the Houſe of Peers, when the commons being ſent for and come, his majesty opened the ſeſſions of parliament with the following moſt gracious ſpeech from the throne :

*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

THE unusual length of the laſt ſeſſion of parliament made me deſirous of giving you as long a reſceſs as the publick ſervice would admit. I have, therefore, been glad to find myſelf under no neceſſity of calling you from your reſpective counties at an earlier ſeaſon ; and I doubt not but you are now met together, in the beſt diſpoſition, for applying yourſelves to the diſpatch of the publick buſineſs.

You will, I am perſuaded, agree with me in regretting, that the peace, ſo long expected and ſo very deſirable, is not yet effected between Ruſſia and the Porte ; but it is with real ſatisfaction I can repeat, that other foreign powers continue ſtill to have the ſame pacifick diſpoſitions with myſelf. I can have no other wiſh than to ſee the general tranquillity reſtored : for the eſtabliſhment, and ſubſequent preſervation of which, no endeavours of mine, conſiſtent with the honour of my crown, and the intereſts of my people, ſhall ever be wanting.

In this ſtate of foreign affairs, you will have full leiſure to attend to the improvement of our internal and domeſtick ſituation ; and to the proſecution of meaſures more immediately reſpecting the preſervation and advancement of the revenue and commerce of the kingdom. Among the objects which, in this view, will come under your conſideration, none can better deſerve your attention than the ſtate of the gold coin ; which I muſt recommend to you in a more particular manner, as well on account of its very high importance, as of the peculiar advantages which the preſent time affords, for executing with ſucceſs ſuch meaſures as you may find it expedient to adopt with reſpect to this great national concern.

The degree of diminution which that coin had actually ſuffered, and the very rapid progreſs which the miſchief was daily making, were truly alarming. It is with much ſatisfaction that I have ſeen the evil, in a great meaſure, checked by the regulations made in the laſt ſeſſion of parliament. I truſt, however, that you will not ſtop here, nor think that you have diſcharged your duty, either to your country or your fellow ſubjects, without uſing your beſt endeavours for putting the gold coin upon ſuch a footing, as may not only completely remove the preſent grievance, but render the credit and commerce of the kingdom ſufficiently ſecure from being again expoſed to the like danger.

*Gentlemen of the Houſe of Commons,*

I have ordered the proper eſtimates for the current year to be laid before you ; and rely on your readineſs to grant me ſuch ſupplies as ſhall be found requiſite in the preſent ſituation of affairs.

*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

The experience I have had of your paſt conduct leaves me no room to doubt, either of your zeal or prudence, in your endeavours to promote the welfare of your country. You will not ſuffer any parts of the public ſervice to eſcape your attention ; but, various and extenſive as thoſe are, you will be careful to ſelect, for your own immediate deliberation, ſuch of them as ſhall appear to be moſt important ; and you can propoſe no meaſures that will ſerve either to ſecure or advance the happineſs and proſperity of my people, in which you may not always depend on my moſt hearty concurrence.

## SATURDAY 13.

A letter from Athlone mentions, that a few days paſt a duel was fought there between the lieutenant-colonel and a major of a regiment, on the latter telling the former he was an Egyptian. The colonel firing firſt, his ball ſtruck againſt the fourth rib of the major's right ſide, and, breaking the bone, forced its way, with part of his clothes and ſhirt, into the body, where it penetrated too far to be extracted, and he was deemed paſt all hopes of recovery. The major's ball ſtruck on the inſide of the colonel's wiſt, and from thence directing its courſe to the fleſhy part of the arm, juſt grazed the ſkin, and made its lodgment about two inches below the arm-pit on the outſide, from whence it has ſince been extracted without any dangerous ſymptoms ; but the major died of his wounds a few days afterwards.

## SATURDAY 22.

Mrs. Hopkins, wife of the rev. Mr. Hopkins, having been approved of by the phyſicians, is appointed wet-nurſe to her majeſty, and is ordered to be in readineſs to come into waiting on the firſt notice.

The late Robert Baldy, Eſq. of Northumberland-ſtreet, has left ſcol. to Alderman Wilk



Wilkes, twenty guineas for mourning, and one guinea for a ring. The clause in his will, respecting this legacy, is as follows: "I give to John Wilkes, Esq. of Prince's Court, 100l. as a mark of my regard and attention to the cause for which he has been so unjustly and wickedly persecuted by a most abandoned and profligate administration for these ten years past."

By the accounts from Bristol of their last year's importation of sugars from the West-Indies, it appears to have been 20,000 hogheads, which is 5000 more than ever was introduced into that port in any one preceding year, and proves the great increase of their trade in that one commodity only.

MONDAY 24.

When the petition of Hartford and Browning came on before the lord chancellor, at Lincoln's-inn-hall, the lady who some time since accompanied Mr. Morris to France, and other parts of the continent, was asked a few questions by the chancellor; after which the petition was ordered to be referred to a master in chancery, to enquire into the case, and report the facts to the court. As soon as the report is made, other steps will be taken relative to the legality or illegality of the marriage.

This week a duel was fought near Pancras, by Capt. —, formerly of Burgoyne's light horse, and a surgeon in the army. They fired each a case of pistols, in the course of which the former received a shot in the arm, and another in the side, when he fell to the ground, and was directly dressed by his antagonist, who assisted to place him in a coach, and attended him to his apartments in Bond-street, where he lies dangerously ill.

The late Mr. Lacy, besides his half of the Drury-lane patent, possessed an estate in Oxfordshire of 1200l. per annum, and a small freehold at Isleworth. By his will he has left his son, Mr. Willoughby Lacy, all his estates, real and personal, and appointed him sole executor. Mr. Garrick, it is said, will have the refusal of Mr. Lacy's half of the patent, which is valued at 32,000l.

TUESDAY 25.

This day a motion was made in the court of King's Bench, to discharge Gen. Gansell, who since his illegal arrest last summer, has been confined by different writs brought against him during the period of that imprisonment. — The arguments turned principally on two points; first, "Whether a lodger's apartment was to be legally considered his house?" And secondly, "Whether an unlawful caption in the original instance did not vitiate any detainers for other debts."

With respect to the former, the counsel against the general's enlargement insisted, that "though colleges and inns of court were divided into separate apartments, and each different set of chambers belonged to a

different person, still such chambers were to be considered as the castle of that person because he had a distinct property in them; this, however, they contended by no means could be the case in a private lodging, where the house had always a distinct proprietor or landlord; and they observed, in support of this doctrine, that if a burglary was committed in the apartment of any lodger, the criminal, when prosecuted for his offence, would in the indictment be said to have committed it in the house of the particular landlord."

With respect to "the legality of detaining the subject in custody, by fresh writs, when he was unlawfully arrested upon the original one," the counsel against the general argued, "that if the bailiffs, in the first instance, had done any thing contrary to law, there was a judicial mode of punishing them; that the misconduct of the plaintiff did not preclude another from redress in a just action; that the people who detained Gen. Gansell, found him in custody, and were not to enquire by what means he became a prisoner; it was enough for them that they did not act unwarrantably in his detention."

To this it was answered, "That the reason why chambers in inns of court, and in colleges, were to be deemed the castles of the subjects, was on account of the distinct property which each different possessor had in the different sets of chambers; that if the case was otherwise, the general security which the law intended for the people would be materially lessened, and none but the landlords of houses would be entitled to protection in their habitations; a circumstance of this nature, it was observed, would be highly injurious, because seven eighths of the people being composed of lodgers, these people would be rendered insecure in their various little rooms, and the very poverty which rendered them doubly in need of defence, would leave them wholly without refuge in the hour of calamity.

It was also observed, "that Gen. Gansell had as distinct a property in his lodging as any student could possibly possess in a college, or an inn of court; that he rented his apartments by the year, and that the man in whose house those apartments were held could not force into them without being subject to a prosecution; that the law, when it talked of an Englishman's castle, by no means alluded to any edifice surrounded by moats, rendered formidable by battlements, defended by portcullises, or assisted by draw-bridges, but that the subject was as much protected by the laws within a room of six feet square, as if he inhabited the noblest palace in the kingdom."

With respect to the "justice of detaining him, when in the first instance he was confined by an unlawful caption," they insisted, that where the subject has sustained a special injury



injury, he must receive, as far as the law can give him, a specifick satisfaction.—To say that general Gansell had his remedy against the bailiffs who originally arrested him, was saying nothing, as he was intitled to be restored to that identical state of security from which they had formerly dragged him; a jury, indeed, might give him five shillings damages; or possibly five pounds, but would that compensate for perpetual imprisonment, perhaps for as many thousands, to which he was exposed by their unwarrantable conduct?" Many other learned arguments were urged, but the determination was deferred to a future day. The counsel for General Gansell were, Mr. Dunning, Mr. Mansfield, Mr. Cox, Mr. Murphy, and Mr. Morgan. Against him, Mr. Wallace, Mr. Bearcroft, Mr. Buller, and Mr. Cowper.

On Tuesday a court of aldermen was held at Guildhall, when the petition of Messrs. Adam, for having the lottery for the Adelpi tickets drawn in Guildhall, passed in the negative. Six extraordinary constables were allowed by the court for the better protection and security of the wharfs and keys. The election of an ordinary of Newgate was ordered to come on next Tuesday se'nnight.

## WEDNESDAY 26.

This day Benjamin Hopkins, Esq. member for Great Bedwin, presented a petition to the house of commons in behalf of John Roberts, Esq. complaining of an undue election and return for the city of London, which was ordered to be considered on the 21st of February next.

The lord-mayor also went to the house of commons, to be present at the delivering of Mr. Roberts's petition, and alderman Thomas took the chair to do business in the absence of his lordship.

## FRIDAY 28.

It is said, that the tea thrown into the sea at Boston is valued at 18,000*l.* at 1*s.* 6*d.* per pound. The whole sent to America is said to be about 300,000*l.* worth, which is returning home, not being suffered to be landed.

At the publick office in Bow-Street, Mallard, a Frenchman, who so cruelly treated Mr. Cater, of Lincoln's Inn, was put to the bar, when Mr. Cater's nephew, a surgeon, declared his uncle was too ill, from the wounds he received, to attend the office for a few days, but recited the particulars, which he received from Mr. Cater, to the following purport; that Mallard was recommended to him last year in France by his servant as a great object of pity, whom he then relieved; that about three months ago he came over to England, and soon found out his benefactor, who has since constantly extended his charity to him; that last Monday, about ten

in the morning, he came to him, when Mr. Cater gave him a shilling, at the same time bid him warm himself; that soon after Mr. Cater told him he was going out about some business, and that he must lock his chambers, on which the prisoner turned about as if going out, but instantly came round him, and with a large flint stone cut him desperately in two places on the head; the Frenchman then ran out of the room to bolt the outer door, as Mr. Cater imagined, to hinder any one from coming in, and then to murder him; but Mr. Cater running to the window, and crying out murder, prevented Mallard from coming up to him again; he then ran away, but was pursued by two men and taken; on his being brought back to Mr. Cater, he proved his identity: he was remanded for further examination when the injured gentleman is able to appear.

The following remarkable inscription is engraved on a tomb-stone in Conway churchyard, Carnarvonshire: "Here lieth the body of Nicholas Brookes, of Conway, Carnarvonshire, who was the 41st child of William Brookes, Esq. by Alice his wife, and father of 27 children; who died the 20th of March, in the year of our Lord 1637."

## SATURDAY 29.

This day the sheriffs of London and Middlesex sent an order to John Wilkes, Esq. to attend his seat in parliament on the call of the house.

Information has been given to the lord-mayor, that a number of fishermen who fish below Gravesend, instead of bringing their cargo to market, which by law they are bound to do, hawk it about the country, which keeps the markets thin, and consequently fish very dear; to put a stop to such practices, his lordship has ordered the water bailiff to summon such persons as he shall find offending in like manner for the future, that they may be dealt with according to law.

## MARRIAGES.

Jan. **A**T St. Dunstan's church, Mr. 4. Brand, of Chancery-Lane, to Miss Cotton, of Winchester, the only daughter of the rev. Mr. Cotton, late rector of Good Easter, in the county of Essex, deceased.—6. Mr. Walford, surgeon, of Warwick, son of Thomas Walford, Esq. of Sibford in Oxfordshire, to Miss Browne, daughter of Hanwell in Middlesex.—10. At Cheddington in Staffordshire, a young exciseman of 21 years of age, who surveys that town, to Mr. Hickenbotham, of the same place, a widow lady, aged 78.—11. The rev. Mr. Whalley of Wells in Somersetshire, to Miss Sherwood, of Langford-court, in the said county.—14. At New York, James Jauncey, jun. Esq. son of James Jauncey, Esq. member of the General



General Assembly for that city and county, to Miss Elliot, niece to Sir Gilbert Elliot, treasurer of his majesty's navy. — 18. At Oxford, Mr. Robert Blifs, bookseller of that city, (and son of the late rev. Nathaniel Blifs, regius professor of astronomy at Greenwich, and civilian professor of geometry in Oxford) to Miss Martha Ogilevy, of Datchet near Windsor. — 20. At Great Marlow in Buckinghamshire, Mr. William Blizard, of Crutched-Friars, surgeon, to Miss Carter, daughter of Richard Carter, Esq. banker. — 21. Mr. John Browning, of Southwark, to Miss Louisa Barton, daughter of the late James Barton, Esq. of Penwortham in Lancashire. — 28. At Bierley-hill chapel, Staffordshire, Edward Edwards, Esq. captain of the 3d regiment of foot, to Miss Honeyborne, of Moor-lane.

## DEATHS.

Jan. **A**T Gogarthen in Cardiganshire, John Pugh Pryse, Esq. member of parliament for Merionethshire. — 4. In Margaret-street, Westminster, Samuel Smith, Esq. deputy usher to his majesty's court of Exchequer. — 6. In Sackville street, Mrs. Warren, mother of Dr. Warren, physician in ordinary to the king, and relict of the rev. Dr. Warren, late archdeacon of Suffolk. — 7. At Cowthorpe, in the county of Lincoln, Mr. Pell, remarkable for his bulk, weighing at the time of his death forty stone. He was buried in three coffins, which, together with himself, was supposed to weigh 28 cwt. — 10. At Lanvyhangel-court, near Abergarrenny, the countess dowager of Oxford, mother to the present earl of Oxford. — 15. At his seat at Lambton-hall in the county of Durham, William Lambton, Esq. brother to Gen. Lambton, member for the city of Durham. — 17. At his house in Hoxton-square, the rev. Mr. Edward Hitchin, B. D. a dissenting minister. — 20. At Daintree in Essex, Mr. Philip Barber, reckoned the oldest travelling comedian in this kingdom, but admitted that profession two years since to receive on an annuity left him by a relation. — 24. At Southwalsham St. Laurence in Norfolk, the rev. Mr. Henry Crownfield, rector of that parish, also rector of Rockland St. Mary, and St. Margaret, in the said county. — 25. At his house at Isleworth, James Lacy, Esq. joint patentee with Mr. Garrick of Drury-Lane theatre. — 26. At Chesham, Sir John Cullum, Bart. bath king at Bath. He is succeeded in his title and estate by his eldest son, the rev. Mr. Cullum, of Chesham, near Bury, now the rev. Sir John Cullum, Bart. — 27. At his seat at Chesey-hall, Norfolk, in the 94th year of age, Sir George Jerningham, Bart. who was succeeded in title and estate by his eldest son now Sir William Jerningham, Bart. — At his seat at Blackford, in Devonshire,

Sir John Rogers, Bart. — At Annapolis, in Maryland, the hon. Walter Duliny, Esq. one of the learned proprietary's council of state, and commissary general of that province.

## B—NK—TS.

**WILLIAM REEVE**, of Bristol, merchant.  
Edmond Clodd, late of the new-buildings, near Sun yard, N ghtingale lane, Middlesex, now of Liverpool, mariner.  
**William Dawkins**, of Gosport, bookseller.  
**James Innel**, of Chalford, in Gloucestershire, clothier.  
**Thomas Raymond**, of Shadbrook in Suffolk, grocer.  
**James Cochran**, of Riverhead in Sevenoaks, Kent, innholder.  
**Samuel Dickinson**, of Lower East Smithfield, brewer.  
**John Bumstead**, of Norton Falgate, carpenter and victualler.  
**William South**, of Hereford, cyder merchant.  
**William Houchins**, otherwise Hutchins, of Portsmouth, victualler, town-carter, and coal merchant.  
**Richard Brinckley**, of Back Lane, St Paul Shadwell, Middlesex, carpenter, builder, and victualler.  
**Richard Mansion Brice**, of Topsham in Devonshire, shipwright.  
**William Jackson**, of Kingston upon Hull, tinplate-worker.  
**Ralph Pasmore**, of Eaton in Bucks, butcher.  
**Thomas Raymond**, of Stradbrook in Suffolk, grocer.  
**John Potter**, of London wall, merchant.  
**Susanna Learred** and **Joseph Vaux**, of London, dealers and copartners.  
**Jacob Buzaglio**, of Gravel-Lane, Houndsditch, London, merchant.  
**Jacob Knight**, of St. Margaret Westminster, poulterer.  
**Joseph Atkinson**, of St. John Wapping, glassman and potter.  
**George Sigismund Natter**, of Fleet street, London, goldsmith.  
**Ambrose Pearman**, of Birmingham, butcher.

## COUNTRY NEWS.

Gloucester, Jan. 3.

**L**AST Wednesday was committed to our Castle, Richard Falkner, a journeyman shoemaker, for robbing and attempting to murder Mr. John Bird, a pargeter, of Stonehouse. He confesses the fact, and gives this account of the affair: that he and three other fellows had been drinking at the White Hart in Leonard Stanley, on the evening of Christmas-day; after they had drunk very freely he went to his lodgings intending to go to bed, but just as he was going up stairs, a thought came into his head that he would rob Mr. Bird, whom he left at the alehouse. He accordingly went to a part of the road, where Bird was to pass, and waited till he saw him. He then took a large stake out of the hedge and followed him; and overtaking him in a ground called Stonehouse-Park, just as Bird turned his head to see who was coming after him, he gave him a blow with a stake that staggered him, and with a second stroke brought him to the ground. When the poor man was down, he beat him so barbarously that he broke the bone of his left



left arm. He says that he then took out his knife and cut his throat. As he was rifling his pocket, Bird, who was before stunned, recovered so far as to cry out spare my life. This the villain says was the first shock he felt, and he immediately ran away in the greatest terrors that a guilty mind could feel. Bird, although so dreadfully wounded, had strength enough left to walk to his own house which was not far distant. The villain says he cannot tell why he committed this cruel deed, for he had no enmity against Bird, nor did he want money. The surgeons had yesterday great hopes that Mr. Bird would recover.

*Leeds, Jan. 4.* The following extraordinary affair happened lately at Saddleworth, in this county: a man was taken ill, and to all appearance died, as he could not be perceived to breathe; in this situation he remained for the space of six weeks, during which time he received no other nourishment than now and then a small quantity of milk, which the doctor poured into his mouth, at the same time stopping his nostrils, lest it should come out again there. After lying in this condition the above time, he came to himself, and is now in as good a state of health as ever he was in his life. The apothecary who attended him perceived his pulse at intervals to beat, or he certainly had been buried before he had finished his trance.

*Oxford, Jan. 15.* On Friday last an inquisition was taken, at Shipton-under-Wichwood, in this county, upon the bodies of a travelling woman and a child about a year and a half old, found lying near the road between Curbridge and Witney, the poor woman quite dead, and the child with some small remains of life, but it expired in a few minutes. The jury returned their verdict, that they both died through want of the necessaries of life, or from some bodily infirmities unknown to the jurors.

On the 4th instant, at Haverham, Bucks, a very singular inquisition was taken by the coroner for the said county, on view of the bodies of one male and two female bastard children, found secreted behind the chimney of a house at that place, occupied for some time past by a man and his daughter; when it appeared upon the examination of divers witnesses, and the confession of the daughter, that she had criminally cohabited with her father, by whom she had all the above-named infants; that she was from time to time privately delivered of them all; that two of them were born alive, and immediately murdered by her father; that the last was still-born; and that all three were secreted by her said father behind the chimney, from whence they had been taken. Upon which evidence and confession, the jury brought in their verdict that two of the children were murdered by the father (who

died about a year ago) and his daughter is committed to Aylesbury gaol to take her trial at the next assizes.

And on Saturday last a second inquisition was taken at the same place, on view of another child, afterwards found behind the same chimney, supposed to have been her's and murdered and secreted there by her and her deceased father.

## SCOTLAND.

*Edinburgh, Jan. 4.*

**W**E hear from Musselburgh, that on Tuesday last week, a child, of about four years of age, fell into the mill-dam there, and having lain about a quarter of an hour unobserved, was taken out for dead; when Mr. Stuart, a surgeon of that place, being luckily at hand, immediately tried some of the methods prescribed for bringing drowned persons to life again, (such as rubbing and blowing tobacco smoke into the bowels) and had the good fortune to succeed in about an hour and a half. For three quarters of an hour the child shewed no symptoms of life.

*Edinburgh, Jan. 17.* We hear that the plan for regulating the silver coin of this kingdom, is already settled, and a considerable one it is, if we may believe report, which says, that those persons who happen to be possessed of silver to a certain amount, will have it taken from them by government at an allowance that will not subject them to much loss.

## IRELAND.

*Dublin, Jan. 14.*

**W**E are in expectation of the arrival of the Duke of Gloucester, who is expected from England in a few weeks on a publick visitation, as chancellor of our university; and also to take his seat in the house of Lords, as earl of Connaught.

## AMERICA.

*Boston, Dec. 20.*

**T**UESDAY last the body of the people of this and all the adjacent towns, and others from the distance of 20 miles, assembled at the Old South meeting-house, to enquire the reason of the delay in sending the ship Dartmouth, with the East-India tea, back to London; and having found that the owner had not taken the necessary steps for that purpose, they enjoined him at his peril to demand of the collector of the customs, a clearance for the ship, and appointed a committee of ten to see it performed, after which they adjourned to the Thursday following, ten o'clock. They then met, and being informed by Mr. Rotch, that a clearance was refused him,



they enjoined him immediately to enter a protest, and apply to the governor for a passport by the castle, and adjourned again till three o'clock for the same day; at which time they again met, and, after waiting till near sun-set, Mr. Rotch came in and informed them that he had accordingly entered his protest and waited on the governor for a pass, but his excellency told him he could not, consistent with his duty, grant it until his vessel was qualified. The people finding all their efforts to preserve the property of the East-India company, and return it safely to London, frustrated by the tea consignees, the collector of the customs and the governor of the province, dissolved their meeting.—But, behold, what followed! A number of resolute men (dressed like Mohawks or Indians) determined to do all in their power to save their country from the ruin which their enemies had plotted, in less than four hours emptied every chest of tea on board the three ships commanded by the captains Hall, Bruce, and Coffin, amounting to 342 chests, into the sea! without the least damage done to the ships or any other property. The masters and owners are well pleased that their ships are thus cleared; and the people are almost universally congratulating each other on this happy event.

An inflammatory hand-bill was a few days ago distributed in Philadelphia, addressed to the Delaware pilots, informing them that a ship loaded with tea is on her way to that port, being sent out for the purpose of enslaving and poisoning all the Americans; and as she cannot be brought to anchor before that city without their assistance, exhorting them to prevent her arrival: they cannot be at a loss how to act. As they have proved scourges to evil doers, it is predicted of the pilots, that they will give a faithful and satisfactory account of the tea ship, if they should meet with her.

In this hand-bill they say, "It is clear, that if the Americans buy any of this tea, they must pay the parliament's duty, and acknowledge their right to tax us as often and as high as they think proper, than which nothing can be more disgraceful and injurious to a free people.

"All the world agree, that trade flourishes most in a free country. This might be proved by many instances; but that of Quebec will be sufficient.

"So long as Canada remained in the hands of the French, who are all slaves, little else than furs and peltry were exported. The land, which is very good, was uncultivated, and no such thing as grain of any kind was exported; but since the English have had possession of it, affairs have taken a different turn; and it is most certain, that in the last year they have exported 400,000 bushels of wheat, which must employ at

least forty sail of vessels, and greatly benefit their pilots."

## FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

## POLAND.

*Warsaw, December 23.*

THE last accounts from Gen. Romanzow's army contain what follows.—The fortress of Silistria, after making a gallant defence, has at last been obliged to yield to the Russians. The Turks defended themselves with great bravery, and refused listening to any terms of surrendering, which obliged the Russians to storm the fortress, in which they happily succeeded. The Turkish women harassed the enemy very much, for they posted themselves on a tower, from whence they pelted the Russians with stones, &c. and it is said killed many of them. [Notwithstanding the confident manner in which the taking of Silistria from the Turks is here asserted, there is much room to doubt the truth of it. The reader will presently see what is said on the other side of the question, in the last accounts received from the frontiers of Turkey.]

## TURKEY.

*Frontiers of Turkey, Dec. 30.* Notwithstanding the utmost efforts of the Russians against Silistria they have not been able to quell the courage of the garrison, who, by frequent sallies, have destroyed their works, and killed great numbers of their men. They sustained a siege for six weeks with so great resolution and perseverance, that they gave time for the Hassan Pacha to come to the assistance of the place, at the head of a numerous cavalry. He first found means to cut off the convoys, which were going to the besiegers camp, and then fell with so much fury on the Russian cavalry, that after throwing them into disorder, he forced the general to raise the siege with precipitation, and repass the Danube. All the south shore of that river is actually cleared of the enemy, and the retreat of the Russians was so precipitate, that they left behind them not only the magazines they took from the Turks, but also their own. Their cavalry particularly suffered very much. These successes are principally owing to the good disposition and intrepid courage of Hassan Pacha, who commanded the Turks and has secured to the Ottoman army the honours of this campaign. The grand vizir has distributed his troops in their cantonments; and Hassan Pacha will only have a flying camp of 25,000 or 30,000 men to defend the south side of the Danube, which serves as a barrier to Bulgaria, and perhaps he may even harass the enemy. When he left Constantinople he assured the Grand Signior that



that he would drive the Russians from the banks of the Danube before the solstice, and he has kept his word. Neither men nor money are wanting, and the Turks are so much elated with the success of the last campaign, and are so much more used to arms that it will be a difficult matter to conquer them.

## FRANCE.

*Paris, Dec. 31.* They write from Grenoble, that some persons who lately went a hunting discovered near the summit of the Alps, in the parish of Hues, some ruins of an ancient city surrounded with walls, within which are still to be distinguished the remains of 150 houses, a tower or fort above 100 toises in circumference, a ditch cut out of the rock of a great depth, and the ruins of a building superior to the rest, which is thought to have been a citadel. The origin and name of this ancient habitation are at present unknown.

## SPAIN.

*Madrid, Dec. 13.* A few days ago we received the melancholy account of the destruction of the town of Guatemala by an earthquake. The earthquakes have generally been felt there every spring and autumn, but the first shocks of this did not come on till June, the frequent repetitions of which alarmed the inhabitants, so that they removed themselves and their effects in time; the publick edifices, churches, convents, &c. could not withstand the violence of these repeated shocks; however, there have not been many lives lost, though the damage is otherwise very considerable.

It is said that his Catholick majesty, upon

this occasion, has declared his intention, that the old situation should be abandoned, and a new town built at the distance of about eight leagues.

## ITALY.

*Rome, Dec. 15.* The Chevalier Bruce, the English traveller, is preparing to set out for Tuscany, after having seen every thing remarkable here. This celebrated gentleman had two audiences of the pope, who received him with great distinction. His holiness was greatly entertained with the account of his travels into Abyssinia, and other parts of the world, and made him a present of some fine gold and silver medals.

*Nice, Dec. 18.* The prodigious quantity of snow which has fallen on the mountains retards the arrival of the post. A courier who was dispatched from hence to Turin has perished in the snow, but the portmanteau, containing the letters, has been found. Several mules have also been lost in the snow between this city and Turin, and people are now employed in digging out the merchandise with which they were laden.

*Leghorn, Dec. 23.* Letters from Smyrna give an account, that the French consul's house there had been attacked by an emir-aga, accompanied by a buluk bacha and about 20 soldiers, who killed and wounded some of the janissaries that were placed before it as a guard, and afterward plundered the house, the consul himself very narrowly escaping. These letters add, that the consul immediately complained of the outrage to the governor, but finding no proper redress, he prudently left the place, and dispatched a courier to the French ambassador at Constantinople.

## To our CORRESPONDENTS.

*WE should be sorry to disoblige Phocion, whose sentiments we entirely agree with; nor have we any exception to him as a writer; but the publication of his letter would answer no purpose, as the party he addresses are too much at ease to listen to the voice of reformation.*


*Orestes was not received time enough to be used.*

*Mr. Purnell's mathematical question shall have a place the first opportunity.*

*As shall likewise the letter signed Thousands.*

*We are obliged to our correspondent, whose favour is dated from Basingstoke. The letter itself can be entertaining to those only who know the parties mentioned therein. The descriptive poetry, however, shall have a place as soon as possible.*

**ERRATUM.** In the letter signed Philo Ecclesiae & Veritatis, inserted in our Magazine for November, in page 550, col. 1. line 11, for who does not deny, read, who dares deny, &c.

 In our Magazine for February will be given a succinct account of the CROMWELL FAMILY, which will be succeeded by an accurate GENEALOGICAL TABLE of the same, to the present time.